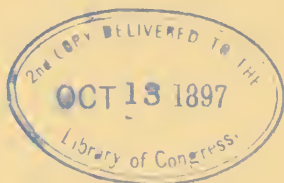


THE
HAMLET ON THE HILL
AND
OTHER POEMS.

WILLIAM H. PHIPPS.





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THE
HAMLET ON THE HILL
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
WILLIAM H. PHIPPS.

1897.

PITTSBURG, PA.

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1897.
STAR PRINTING CO.

Preface.

We take from Village Souvenir some twenty pages of Amity Annals. The balance is entirely new; And to our readers we present a book of one hundred and sixty pages.

With an interesting narrative by Mr. Isaac Sharp, the anecdotes and facts have been of interest to us; hope they may be so to the reader.

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Village Souvenir and Other Poems.

AMITY ANNALS.

Amity, a small but ancient village,
Stands on hill surrounded by good tillage;
Its scope takes in extensive hills and plains,
Quite fertile with all the various grains;
Pastures will meet the eye wherever you gaze,
Covered with flocks which in contentment graze,
And in the evening ev'ry sheep-cot's full.
In shearing time, great is the crop of wool
Of finest grade.

'Twas in Washington's administration
That Pennsylvania aroused the nation
By rebellion in the State for whisky.
Since, farmers supply the still, though risky,
Yet law and conscience often make them squirm;
But for profit they feed the liquor worm,
Church members would freely decanters pass;
Preachers could join them in a social glass
All was approved.

Over on the other side the ocean
Temperance makes not the same commotion,
Their social feasts retained olden features
Liquors used and treated as God's creatures,
And at many private teas and dinners
Chosen beverage for saints and sinners,
Saw English canon, who thought it not sin
To say grace over a bottle of gin,
So strange a sight.

The perfume was a scent for all the food;
We Americans were not in pious mood,
Never prayed for product of the still,
Had fought it long with a determined will.
'Twas then our farmers, with the corn and rye,
Brought to the distillers a full supply.
And when plenty crowned the harvest morn,
Then the still obtained the rye and corn
For bane of man.

A faithful record of these hills and vales
Recalls to mind valued historic tales;
Farms, the abode of comfort and of thrift,
Are seen at every point their grandeur lift.
'Tis long since we could recount their staples
Of wool, corn and sugar from the maples.
More anxious was the farmer for the fleece
Than screeching wagon for the axle grease
On the dry hub.

The ten-mile creek, which wends its crooked way
'Mid verdant hills, whose mighty crops of hay
From year to year adorn their space with stacks
For more barn room the thrifty farmer lacks.
The creek quite rich in several kinds of fish,
Were found for many an appetizing dish,
Socially the anglers' lips may pucker
For trout or bass, ignoring each sucker,
No fish better.

Small animals are found upon its banks—
Rabbit, squirrel and muskrat swell the ranks.
Beaver with Indian passed away,
And otters in the creek no longer play.
Let painter stand on the bank with easel,
Paint them all, ferret, mole and the weasel,
All the land and the amphibious tribes,
Nature's work seen, from pencil, free from bribes
That men may give.

If parson sought fleece in those by-gone days,
'Twas but the meager ones that met his gaze.
Unlike Gideon, he had no second test,
With fleece wet or dry, his family was blest.
Sad fact, both earth and fleece were often dry,
And prayer bought no manna from the sky;
Promised bread and water were always sure,
As good soldiers, hardships of war endure,
In camp or field.

They, like poor laborers at hedge or ditch,
Or Goldsmith's village parson, very rich,
With salary of forty pounds a year,
Or larger, only sixty pounds appear.
Three hundred dollars was the maximum;
By many 'twas thought a liberal sum,
For family of four and the pony,
Which made the financial way look stony
Like mountain road.

There's no refuge 'neath a juniper tree,
From the pressure they knew not where to flee;
On land or sea no sheltering havens;
And they were not fed by kindly ravens.
Practical economy the teacher,
Relentless whoever may beseech her.
As in Saviour's day, each got his penny,
It would buy much, but grumblers were many,
Yet all got through.

On creek bank stood Presbyterian parsonage,
New, like an infant in its early age,
Then occupied by Brother Harbison,
Pleading all things by the decrees were done;
Nor thought they once to change their confession
Or speak of it in the church or session.
Those were days of sterling orthodoxy,
Heresy like Herod, mean and foxy,
To be shunned.

But on the second visit to that charge,
To occupy, came offer free and large,
At modest rent—a chance gladly seized,
Against the Methodists all were appeased.
In that summer company went to war,
Many a social prospect felt the jar;
A mar to all the plans of church and home,
For freedom's sake o'er southern roads they roam
With stars and stripes.

For preacher, sad was the situation,
A common sufferer for the nation;
Left with a very few to sing or pray,
Reducing the quarterage in his pay.
On such trials will the dominee harden
When his chief dependence was the garden;
To stand by and comfort them in the cause
No faithful minister would seem to pause
For country's sake.

About that day arrives at parsonage
One to make record in a coming age,
Who now signs checks for a great ruling firm;
Greatness has fruit—at first 'tis bud or germ,
The world stands ready any to applaud.
Who gain position by labor or fraud;
Earth in loud chorus swells the great well done,
And tempest wafts it high toward the sun,
God may be there.

The preacher is not there, but labors on
For God and man, that they may both be one,
In hopeful view of building up the cause,
Yet tempting bribes would still suggest a pause.
True to history is the confession,
Law tempted as lucrative profession,
The ministry held in its firm embrace
Men who for gain could not their steps retrace,
Or earthly fame.

The creek above the dam has a deep draft,
Ample for passenger or pleasure craft;
Little steamers, like those upon the Seine,
Could navigate were there a chance for gain.
And were its waters to the river slack'd,
Steamboats with excursions might be pack'd,
If city folks would patronize canal,
Freight and passengers might make paying haul,
With oil and coal.

For, if farmers would but join the movement,
And risk cash in water-way improvement;
Their fathers kept a railroad from the valley
To slack the creek sons are slow to rally.
Although they often feel a little cross,
In mourning o'er the heavy railroad loss,
Baltimore and Ohio sent by dear route,
The foolish action none will now dispute,
Or justify.

Changes might not suit the old time plodder,
Though shipping cheaper hay corn and fodder;
The little railroad has delighted him
With a real vision now no longer dim,
He is ready for worthy enterprise.
Beneath his fields many a treasure lies
Of gas, oil, ore and bituminous coal,
If pipe and barges bore it, wealth would roll
 Into his purse.

'The first boat launched on the ten-mile stream
Has left no record of its keel or beam;
Its ugly form from memory slipped,
We recollect it was a nondescript
Not found on water, land or in the air.
In its design no other scow could share;
How'er, 'twas built by preacher and his son,
And brought him trouble when the work was done
 By some meddlers.

We thought not of the Indian bark canoe,
And the Mound Builders were not in our view;
The works they did, time with its ravages
Deals harsh with civilized and savages.
In their naval efforts we are not versed,
And it is so hard to tell who built the first,
To sail the waters of the little creek,
For its dams man did not cut the first stick,
 'Twas the beaver.

We remember the boat of later date
That sailed the creek in more majestic state,
Owned by young people from the city,
Joyful crowd that knew not harm's sad ditty
In their fleeting hours of ease and pleasure,
Horses and boat filled time of leisure;
The boat for farmers' ferry used to-day,
One of its former rowers passed away,
Noble young man.

Rowing a boat the movement of the arms
Is so healthful, nor should there be alarms,
Building the body need not hurt the soul.
Every pastime is not a dreadful ghoul,
Religion is a thing to bless and cheer,
And should not in such sable robes appear,
For made by bad stomachs or feeble brains
Are all those prohibitory refrains
That sing of sin.

True, they always edge about the parson,
If he be like a Boone or Kit Carson,
If for pleasure drives the bull-eye center
And comes off the best at every venture.
Does a little fun take his religion?
Fox-hunting! preachers may fill your vision,
Hunting excesses only may be sin,
But Yankee preacher does not take them in
In any games.

For the headquarters of the little crowd
In the farm house of which we still are proud
Has sheltered pastors 'neath its kindly roof,
When both man and horse enjoyed full proof.
In the parlor table at the manger
Entertainment was never in danger;
Hotels in that place found very few peers
With such blessings that the traveler cheers
In pilgrimage.

A legacy of good for the pastor's sake
The frequent welcomes that his children take
To the old building touched by time.
Many another house might swell the rhyme
Of the kindness through a generation
We meet in the old fields at every station,
Whose gospel work has been honestly done.
Bright skies are painted by the midday sun
Over holy spots.

'Tis five and thirty years since our first view
Of Amity, when to a door we drew;
A tall form met us, well advanced in years,
And dissipated all our anxious fears.
There were noble men in those early times,
And none more so than brother James;
A friend and counselor in time of need,
For a young minister was apt to plead
For his mistakes.

He was one of the charter members
Whose bright example kept alive embers,
On the altar of many struggling souls
Fanning to a bright flame the burning coals.
Ever present in the hour of prayer
To aid, although he bore no public share,
Was responsive to each call of duty.
Plants of righteousness were things of beauty
Always to him.

In God's house not idle or a sleeper,
Would work if 'twere only as door-keeper,
So zealous to advance the Master's cause,
At duty's sacrifice he made no pause,
In the pathway saw no roaring lion.
An inviting road led up to Zion;
Would help to take the pilgrim's burden off,
Turning away the sinner's jeer and scoff
By kindly words.

Among the laurels nightingale may perch,
But cannot sing the triumphs of the church;
Worthy wife and husband departed twain,
No tribute fit for song and sad refrain.
Their strong attachment to the church relate
Ere work was done beyond the golden gate;
They need not earthly eulogy or praise
When beatific glory meets their gaze
Around the throne.

A physician, half a century or more,
Awaits summons to visit rich or poor;
In time of need ready with good advice,
And pious souls will gladly hear his voice.
The sick for the healing of their bodies,
Take medicine stronger than Irish toddies;
Sometimes they were powerful burning drugs,
And far warmer than any Persian rugs,
To heat and heal.

We saw the funeral of this pastor,
His form was thin like alabaster;
That life so long, o'er ninety years of age,
It is well worthy of historic page.
Seventy years had borne the shepard's crook,
Preaching the truth from the inspired book.
A large concourse respects the man of God,
Beloved by all people was pastor Dodd
For works of love.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,
Honor and praise e'en earth will men accord;
Their good works are not buried in the dust
They have a resurrection like the just.
The promise is that they shall follow them
And be stars in their future diadem;
Thoughts cheer warriors till the battle's won,
When heaven will crown their great well done
With endless bliss.

The annals of the Presbyterian's search
Can't find more faithful one in all the church.
Warriors must lay down their well worn-shields
And others will soon occupy the fields.
When at the sale of his choice, olden books,
We scanned them o'er with critical looks,
Obtained some from near reformation days,
And they've received our study and our praise,
And blessings were.

These olden time Presbyterian preachers
Were well versed, theological teachers;
Some times Calvin swayed them very much :
Methodists felt Wesley's and Fletcher's touch.
In those stirring days of polemic war
Churches were separated very far,
Could not pick flowers on the same heather ;
Their sheep were ne'er led by the same tether
Wesley or Knox.

Really time has found a better lever
In Christian Societies of Endeavor
Surpasses for building good cement
That nature's quarry gives or men invent.
Glad those old controversies are now done,
Can join the Master's prayer that all be one,
And gather through the land the pious youth
In noble rally for the Gospel truth
We love so much.

Near by him dwelt a preacher, kind neighbor,
Of their church, ready for any labor,
That which was suited to his feeble strength
His active ministry had ran its length.
Feeling he had ended all his missions,
He pleased himself with literary visions
Of Israel's lost tribes where they had gone,
What were the mighty wonders they had done
In their new land !

In his time Spaulding chose a pastime work
Not to write up vile harem of the Turk,
Nor little thought of the mischief he would make,
Shaking society with great earthquake,
By bringing back old patriarchal times,
With their ignorance and social crimes;
Was lost, like Cath'lics in their brevaries -
Could not see outcome of his reveries
To curse the world.

No, he was innocent in his design;
Ne'er thought faith and morals to undermine,
How different 'twas from the truth he taught
His work of fiction on the world has wrought.
In quiet cemetery he reposes,
While Morman church the wicked plan discloses
Proving to men the great calamity
From literary child of Amity,
A strange novel.

But let us now describe this noted house :
 'Tis plain, like farmer in his jeans and blouse,
 For rain and sun have made it crack and warp,
 Winds have played it as an Æolian harp.
 The roof has often received new shingles,
 Money supplied from where silver jingles—
 Silver out of the farmer-broker's chests,
 At eight per cent. he willingly invests ;
 Ten is better.

The only question, "is he a good man?"
 Interrogation for many a plan,
 A query at the entrance of the church,
 Important one that bank officials search.
 To know his full assets, their breadth and length
 Pastors seek moral character—its strength,
 To turn from paths of sin' so often trod,
 And scope for service in the church of God,
 All his talent.

The pugilist seek men to take the ring;
 Physically the very best they bring;
 Army by its strong men alone can thrive
 Above eighteen nor over forty-five.
 Goodness may be in character or blood
 All who for God and humanity have stood;
 All the men who in the passing ages
 Have blessed society the sages
 With precepts true.

Think how different was the early scene;
Some stand, others against the old porch lean,
Attentive listeners to this book of chance,
Of the wandering tribes a queer romance.
Then think of crowd in temple at Salt Lake,
Listening in reverence for the prophet's sake;
Divinely sent they think their Joseph Smith,
When only superstition's sacred myth—
 Bane of the age.

We would not be in narrative minute,
Nor injure any noble man's repute;
But there are anecdotes we must relate,
Which are like public property of State,
Flowing down through long tradition,
To gather them up a useful mission,
Avoiding every unkind aspersion,
Casting reflection on no person,
 We tell the tales.

We quote from another pastor's diary
Sparks of fun, meteors bright and fiery;
Those that led him to make the gleeful notes
Were strange events which mirth promotes;
Where spirit is willing but flesh is weak,
Of such a worthy brother we now speak.
The more of flesh the harder 'tis to keep
Clear of Morpheus and his chain of sleep,
 And one must fail.

When preaching in middle of the discourse
From Amen seats came sounds loud and hoarse;
The breathings that imitate a lion's roar,
Resolve themselves into a well known snore.
By some noise or gentle touch was shaken,
He from a restful nap did then awaken,
When looking 'round on the great commotion,
Seeing a dog was seized with the notion,
Grabbed the cause.

Passing down the isle like ship in sail,
He held the pup by the tip of the tail,
And casting him forth on the sodded earth,
That he might extinguish the cause of mirth.
A man of note more than a door-keeper,
Watchful awake, but a noisy sleeper
Pharoe's lean kine may be wakeful and fresh,
'Tis not easy for one that carries much flesh,
If Master asks.

Was a most powerful man in prayer,
Like a feather, he would carry care,
Only the evil of the hour would lay
The burden by, turn from dark clouds away.
He never ran to meet coming sorrow,
Hoping it would pass upon the morrow.
The future was ever brightly shining
With beautiful gold and silver lining,
On his own path.

With Amity's former pastor Patton,
Visited the Island of Manhattan,-
Hoping to cherish friendship forever,
Saw Christian Convention of Endeavor.
Twenty thousand in the Madison Square,
And in the conclave took a silent share;
What a change was that since our early days
When we seldom joined in prayer and praise
With the churches.

The representatives from hill and vale,
Like ships wafted by a favoring gale
Into some great haven of hope or gain
And there were many that crossed the main.
Everywhere their enthusiasm showed life,
Amity sent the pastor and his wife
Reminds of festivals on Zion's Mount,
Of multitudes too numerous to count,
Met for worship.

In the township was a Baptist deacon
Stood forth as a pillar and a beacon;
A worthy man and a bright shining light
The young men would tease him, but not for spite.
German names fit deacon and tormentor,
The lad for fun was a smart inventor,
Hence to embellish these rural papers,
We will just now Patton his strange capers,
From diary,

Now for the sake of the well-known actors,
We will omit names, not needed factors,
E'en these incidents may recall the facts;
For some are living who performed the acts.
The church deacon owned a noble mare,
In duty to the cause she bore a share,
Was always there with him on Sabbath day,
No matter how deep were the mire and clay,
She pulled through,

It was hitched in grove near by the church,
When the old man came out he made a search
Around, but nowhere could see the pony,
Among them all, the fat, the lean and bony.
Transformed like linen by the fuller,
Lost its identity with the color.
Ah, no, it is not true my favored colt
Has from my service made a speedy bolt,
Forever more,

To pony comedy man took a walk,
Quietly wiped off the colored chalk,
Then pony appeared in native dress,
The deacon would criminal law suit press.
Monday found the village squire,
'Ere he recovered from his Sunday ire.
Principal and accessories to act,
All that joined in the roguish compact,
He would sue them.

He from the deacon did not stand aloof,
Asked him to withdraw suit for lack of proof
That he had entered 'gainst his neighbor boys,
Their play as innocent as children's toys.
He might remember his own youthful days
Of fun, were not always filled with praise,
For had they not their cheerful youthful ranks,
Young blood will always be filled with pranks,
So full of life.

The old and young man made a covenant,
But elder did the bargain soon repent ;
The youth was to attend the Baptist Church,
For pleasure in new paths make earnest search,
Faithful to promise on the next Lord's day,
We fear 'twas not to worship but to play,
Amusing tricks at deacon's sad expense,
Was relieved from bargain to go thence
From deacon's pew.

The one condition of the contract kept,
It t'was the letter while the spirit slept
He was to do what'ere the deacon done,
Not thinking he could turn it all to fun.
Seated by deacon one bright Sabbath morn
After the serious charges were withdrawn.
Conspicuous in the pious corner seat,
Every movement of deacon to repeat,
A source of mirth.

The old man with his goggles green glasses,
He would imitate his hand he passes,
To bring out a pair their true counterpart,
Each act of his was the lad's guiding chart.
When they were adjusted takes up hymn book
Mimicks church officer in word and look,
Seeing his mimickry gave up the task,
For fun he should not wear religious mask,
In any place.

What can be said of strange combination
On land of promise, the tribe's salvation;
In blasphemy they called it work of God,
Brigham successor in his footsteps trod,
Throwing the ignorant in confusion,
Breaking domestic peace by delusion.
Noted robbers, in their great pillage,
Injured not like romance, of this village,
A work so bad.

In work, Spaulding, an innocent factor—
Made way for America's great actor;
And Smith, soon fell a victim to the mob
In prison, with his life gave up the job.
Soon came Young, a man of ruling power—
A Moses to them in their darkest hour,
To lead them through the wilderness to rest,
From enemies, who on their footsteps pressed,
Because of sin.

Historians, from afar, oft seek the tomb,
With vigor write, as for Morman's doom;
The unfortunate grave received no care,
The flat stone slab has suffered by the wear
Of winter's frosts and summer's constant rains,
It cannot now be read, with greatest pains.
When first we saw the name, could easily trace
The inscription, which time since did erase,
We would restore.

And no proof can stop the sad delusion,
Minds so ignorant are in confusion;
Were led away to any rising cause,
Leaders defy Devine and human laws.
Impelled by lucre or baser lust,
Yet in God, and righteous law, we trust,
To crush the social venomous snake,
Law soon its poisonous sting will take
From Morman Church.

We often meet with funny anecdotes
They are wafted on air, like magpie notes;
Some scenes in parsonage we now will tell:
Truths, strange as fiction, may our pages swell.
The revised Souvenir, to double size,
With those queer incidents, the people prize,
In every place the old folk lore.
Points out the bright pebbles, on life's shore,
We can polish.

On the creek hill was an open quarry,
A capitalist farmer, I call Lawry;
Merely for euphony, may coin the word,
Owner and worker, my anger stirred.
Insisting that I stand beneath the stones,
Said I would not for all the wealth he owns,
Claimed that to family, small the loss,
With one like me such joking makes one cross,
 'Tis personal.

There was a sermon preached on fine gold,
The steward often has the story told;
His jeers upon the preacher never fail,
He was one of the actors in the tale.
"I counsel thee to buy gold tried in fire,
That thou mayest be rich in bright attire."
Asking him as steward for my money,
Seemed inconsistent and so funny,
 "But men must live."

There was a parsonage prayer-meeting.
After our usual friendly greeting,
Seeing that all a kindly welcome share,
Service opened by reading and prayer.
The preacher seated by large window pane,
From porch a massive dog would entrance gain,
Like bound of a deer sprang toward the glass,
Alarmed preacher jumped to let him pass.
 But he fell back.

Worship of the evening sadly marred
And their pious thoughts were all debarred;
The queer incident created laughter,
Few solemn faces were found thereafter.
Dominee could not check at once his fear,
The noise and leaping brute would still appear;
Veneration a noble purpose serves;
But don't destroy the action of the nerves,
We all are men.

There came to the parsonage late one night
A bridal pair, the girl attired so bright,
But there was lack of brightness in their minds.
Such a couple one scarcely ever finds,
Unless they are pent up by the dozens,
In love sweethearts by kin were cousins;
But we refused them matrimonial ties,
Kindly tried the reason to disguise,
Feeling for them.

We then recommended them to the squire,
Gospel or law can tune the marriage lyre;
If in our judgement we were harsh and wrong,
Squire could then unite them with legal song.
Waters were deep, they could not cross the ford
In hymenial veto in accord;
With preacher he sent them to another place,
With unknown alderman they found grace
To tie the knot.

Preacher is unnerved in the first marriage,
Like the bride and groom in word and carriage;
They tremble on the floor in this event,
For 'tis a contract of great moment.
He who ties the knot for the first time
Is nervous as if guilty of some crime;
Would then rather be with celebrated Shakers,
Or in quiet worship with friends, the Quakers,
Than on the floor.

To commence a meeting for revival,
Preacher must ignore self, fear no rival;
Men suited to the work or those of note.
The church will call by pressure or by vote,
To all of which he must say an Amen,
Although the plan prove false thrice and again,
Must give glory to men, not to the Lord,
And with envious church be in sweet accord,
For members rule.

Even according to their strong request,
Letters to all the worthies were addressed,
Sending out the loud Macedonian cry
To come over and help ere sinners die;
To it they were as indifferent as Turk,
Claiming enough to do with their own work,
To avoid any unkind aspersion.
The preacher visited some in person,
To urge them come.

Then to an adjoining county town
A rivalist to persuade run down,
Lest he should bound away like fleeting deer,
Expected on our visit the best cheer.
We know, alas, how vain is human hope,
So many enemies will jerk the rope.
Ah, there we found him on a dying bed,
By over-work to that last couch was led,
To rise no more.

The salutation with us during life,
Sad utterance of a sorrowing wife,
For she saw her husband as a martyr,
Nor from those sad thoughts could we part her.
Said, "You're strong enough for all preaching,"
Yet mercy some we felt like beseeching.
Loss of husband and son were Marra lake,
She was soon to drink. Chiding part we take
For all the church.

All through the efforts, we were left alone
Field to be broken up, and the seed sown;
For many hearts lay out in fallow ground
That yielded when the plowshare passed around.
More good came than expected by home force.
We talked, prayed and sung til hoarse;
For two weeks church bore incessant toil,
Hard as a rock, they could not break the soil,
'Till rain came down.

An that night there came a gracious dower,
God was present in converting power;
Seeking souls were into the kingdom born
On that day of grace, with glorious morn,
Whose skies were bright with a sunrise glory
From Son of Righteousness; the story
Is for all the world; who worship this sun
Do not, like magie, to idolatry run,
But worship God.

Sadness and joy we mingle with these scenes,
As the reminiscences of war one gleans;
In narrative we are apt to falter,
Thinking of those kneeling at the altar;
Penitents in agony of prayer,
Like publican in mercy, they might share
From high heaven, God's justifying grace;
Where as good soldiers, run the Christian race,
And gain the crown.

For life, pain seems the order of the earth,
So sin exacts it in the Christian birth;
Not with regrets, that they were therein sorrow,
Knowing they found peace upon the morrow
But retrospecting at this distant day.
Think of many death has called away;
Men in early prime, life to country gave,
In peril's hour, its liberty to save,
A noble gift.

News came the gospel word had entrance made,
The watch-word, onward, by the Saviour's aid;
Scripture text, "Thou almost persuadest me
To be a Christian and forever free,"
Rang in their ears until chains were broken
And pardon to many souls was spoken.
When the word of God was no longer void,
Those feeble means the church had long employed,
Were a success.

All cherished theories are laid aside
For a success borne on the swelling tide,
Bringing to port with outspread sail,
Wafted homeward by constant fanning gale,
Awaiting welcome load of pearls and gems
Like luscious fruit on newly broken stems
From the distant tropic climes, up Gulf Stream,
Sweeter than odor of orange, fig or limes,
That we enjoy.

They confessed more than Agrippa king.
A living sacrifice themselves they'd bring
To God now and never more to falter,
Placing all they had upon the altar.
Since the spirit had found them for the search
They would be earnest workers in the church.
Contribute labor and means their full might,
As soldiers of Christ a successful fight,
And glory win.

Noah was in this meeting a power,
His words came forth like a refreshing shower;
Ready with prayer or extortion
From native talent flowed the oration.
Touched by the Spirit's warm effusion,
Freer than a scholar from confusion,
More eloquent than Seminole chieftan
'Gainst foes the cause of God he could maintain,
Noble soldier.

His mental powers were almost equal
To his size, as you may learn in sequel;
He was not a man renowned for letters,
Yet original, he knew no fetters.
More free than those that occupied the stand
His flight in exhortations were so grand,
Sentences came free—he did not mutter—
There was mighty power with Brother Clutter,
Sublime and grand.

One exhortation, a mental survival,
Comes from eighteen-fifty-nine revival;
"Glory to God," with a triumphant voice,
Called the people, with angles to rejoice.
Sinners were fleeing from the judgment rod,
And seeking safety in the arms of God;
For on salvation they were fully bent,
And broken hearts to penitence gave vent,
Asking mercy.

Some with fever from Appomattox swamps,
Returned to die at home, far from the camps,
Where miasma rested, a heavy pall,
And Death's sickle made the bravest fall.
We recall a victim—Bro. Hathaway—
Other names from memory fad away;
Our friend, the captain, the village teacher ;
His worth was known by his former preacher,
Who lov'd him much.

Who little thought when he was delegate,
That at late day we should these truths relate,
Or might ever be village annalist,
Or in the requiem our friends assist ;
Our weeping joined with pastorial function,
And weep in tenderness with those that weep ;
Kindred for the dead constant vigil keep,
Mingled with tears.

The friends who left us in our early days,
Upon their manly forms no more we gaze,
We've tablets on these human hearts of flesh,
Where noble men and deeds are always fresh ;
We'll recall such memories wher'er we roam,
As welcome guests so often at his home ;
Remember many others in that church
Who died for their country—in vain the search
For nobler men.

Bore deep, there is wealth towards the center,
Whenever capital makes the venture.
Less than two thousand feet under surface,
Minerals of coal, oil and gas you trace,
Encircled by mud and National pikes.
Carnegie Gas Company made great strikes
Upon the homesteads of Amwell farmers,
To make dowers for the rural charmers;
They are prizes.

The young drillers sought their loving glances;
(Flowing wells the fair prize still enchances)
Audience sought. Who would be the usher
To the maiden heiress through gas gusher?
A workman that could pierce earth's deep pillars
Is one of the most successful drillers;
Seeks now to penetrate the human heart,
Lays by the drill for Cupid's known dart
To find love's fount.

The drill, a great modern explorer,
Goes through sand and rock to find a roarer,
And from the bowels of prolific earth
To great promises of wealth gives birth:
Opening closed rivers of carbon oil,
Rewarding well the sturdy sons of toil;
Or giving to all superfine fuel
To roast the turkey or boil the gruel
For the sick ones.

The first gas struck, from Amity one mile,
Farmers neglected; it their usual style
To venture slowly. They must still use coal
Inferior or brought with heavy toll
By rail. We saw their folly at a glance,
With bright vision could not them entrance;
They must cling to their old foggy ways;
They hauled coal from Pin-nook in other days
Through deepest mud.

Some of our soldier boys owned the well;
At first, on moderate terms, would lease or sell;
But the gas burning, in waste neglected,
Till by the Carnegies 'twas inspected,
Capital despised came to the rescue,
From which great benefits the country drew.
Those men of means, that labor fiercely, fought
As if their acts maliciously were wrought
To curse mankind.

We return again to our loved stream—
Rivulets have long been a poet's theme,
For Wordsworth sang about the Yarrow,
It gave to his song both life and marrow;
And yet he sings of Shakespeare's Avon,
Sweet as Edgar Poe about the raven,
Or Bobby Burns' sang of the Bonny Doon,
Like the tribute given to old Ayer town.
In early days.

Times were when we picked the luscious berries
Black and large like Mayduke cherries ;
Tasting far better than the cultured ones,
Like self-made men—nature's own giant sons,
In all the land, through colleges you hunt,
No greater men can you bring to the front ;
Their range is sweeping like the mighty guns ;
In public, Lincolns, science, Edisons,
That take the palm.

On the banks were abundant alders, too,
The little berries gently waved in view ;
By many they were quietly ignored,
But by others dried and stored—
The great resource of house-maids' future pies,
To hungry preacher often welcome prize,
When a long ride brought craving appetite,
And the spring chicken was still out of sight.
Until the night.

Elderberries remind of youthful days,
When to be English was no cause for praise.
The boys had then no use for foreign stock—
That mishap brought many a savage knock—
They delighted to whip Johnny Bull,
And his cup of sorrow was ever full.
If one could not whip him well and squarely,
It must be done, although done unfairly,
For Yankee brag.

'Twas then they made of them a selling wine,
In the distillery boys fell in line
To pick and clean the berries from the stems;
And all those youth were hopeful Yankee gems.
In conspiracy together huddled,
While the boss with apple-jack was muddled;
For they were bent on woe for the British boy;
Father ne'er knew they kicked me like a toy
On baseball ground.

Nor would sire listen to my truthful tale,
For so many voices, like ocean gale,
Then swept me away from the picking works;
They acted more cruel than any Turks.
That was before the native party rose,
I encountered those unfeeling foes,
Now foreigners have gained the garrison,
In ninety-two have put out Harrison
By Democrats.

Those desperadoes, by the name of Jones,
With hearts as hard as any granite stones,
One for money, murdered their own kin,
And paid the full penalty of sin:
They were a family of noted thugs,
Fuller of sin than their own whiskey jugs
Of crimes against all divine and human law,
Viler than vulture or jackdaw,
Sneaking vipers.

The surviving brother and his vile crew,
When dark night had hidden every view,
Upon the school-house made a midnight raid.
They were ready the farm-house to invade;
Far and near it was the reputed bank
For loans to honest men of every rank,
To aid the farmer exemption with loan,
Until by strife he made the farm his own.
The mortgage paid.

On the creek within sight of this high house,
Three brothers worked in their jeans and blouse;
In that place and day called very rich,
By loans could lift struggling poor men from ditch,
They were worth seventy-five thousand each;
Borrowers from a great distance would reach
For ample funds the well known money mart.
By want the motive, and through hope the chart,
That brought them there.

The Jones sister said about her brother:
(Both were a disgrace to any mother)
"He'd kill a man for less than five dollars."
In murder and theft all were apt scholars.
Then she was not uttering a mere cant,
Who had killed both her uncle and aunt,
That night they failed in their jobbery,
Frightened from the blood or robbery
By visitors.

The farmers opened up an Indian mound,
Where many savage implements were found;
Axes and arrow points were made of stones,
Quiet cruel looking like family of Jones;
Savage but were not to their own tribes,
More weapons not used by any bribes
At home were held as instruments of war,
Often carried over the trail quite far
By the young braves.

These ancient relics of another race,
Where only savagery we can trace,
Were found some years before the soldiers left;
Like a great treasure from dark cave or cleft
Gave an interest in those times of peace,
Like Roman augurers from sacred geese
Their flight. What meant those tools of flint?
Could sage devise or give a distant hint
To rural folk?

We ask in vain the story of these stones,
That were buried with the warriors' bones;
For centuries enclosed, beneath the mound,
These ancient treasures, which the children found.
O, for the Indian lore, the dictum
Of love's story and wars cruel victim,
Even the true tale of that arrow point;
Did it ever pierce English flesh and joint,
And lay one low?

See that long stone; looks like a warlike blade,
Scalping knife, from many a savage raid,
Flourished in their olden tribal wars,
By light of moon or the glimmering stars;
The vast numbers that knife has uncrowned,
Under hand as cruel as the blood-hound!
Their wars knew neither justice or compassion,
Like a sweeping whirlwind was their passion
For human blood.

There's one civilized tool, the battle adz,
Was used to cut the fire-wood by the lads
To heat the tent and roast the yellow corn,
Or cook the scanty meal at early morn.
Although we do miss again at guessing,
May not the boys do kind acts, caressing
Objects of choice, lively little squaws,
And let war weapons fill the old braves' paws,
For the war path?

War gleans entire neighborhood and village,
Sweeping like an army in its pillage;
Leaving woman, children and the feeble,
And some secret foes, not so agreeable,
On retarding the cause, entirely bent,
Yet feeble efforts all in vain were spent.
Patriotism dwelt in hearts commodious,
Made treason of little souls seem odious—
Blackier than night.

For many men toil, like Stanley's rear guard,
To find the lost, and save, its full reward,
Seeking the country's unity, the release
Of bondmen, speedy war and lasting peace;
Soon to enjoy the shelter of home roof,
And from all warlike strife to stand aloof
With nightingales join in peaceful lay,
For the soldier's release in blue and gray,
To sing "sweet home."

'Tis a grand uprising of the people,
Sweeter than music from chimes of steeple;
Sounds rise like flight of eagle or balloon,
An universal, patriotic boon;
From every village and inland station
Ascends the cry, "Will save the nation
From secession," and all their well-laid plots
Shall only end in smoke by cannon shots
From willing hands.

And why are people making such ado ?
They fight like Australitz or Waterloo;
Make battles to grave on page of fame,
Yes, Gettysburg well deserves undying name.
The battles of Wilderness and Fair Oaks,
Pounding the hub to break the wagon spokes
Of treason's commissary of supplies,
That out of the debris caged eagle rise,
Screaming pardon.

Ere the momentous hour comes to us all,
With grief villagers hear the last roll-call,
Up the main street see company ascend;
Our voices in the great huzzas we blend.
Drained of her men—a war calamity—
Cheers followed through the streets of Amity,
From relatives and friends they left behind,
To some the last farewell that came to mind,
Whose echo sounded.

The living ones, subjects of anxious care,
Those who our safety have so dearly bought,
Their welfare during the declining years;
Should find kind friends to wipe away their tears,
To bear them often into life's sunshine,
And bind their hearts, like tree by clinging vine,
Which sends forth 'mid decay vigorous sprouts,
Reaching for victory like army scouts,
Ere battle comes.

What lacked Reeves yet? Father's full consent.
Maiden would plan on it; entirely bent
In family worship bore willing share,
Leading service. So formed the prayer,
When sire responded in loud amen
To God's will, by witty words was caught then;
And, perhaps, he ought not to be pitied,
Although much like Laban, far outwitted,
In Jacob's deal.

Love 'neath piety found a cover,
Prayer e'en then secured the lover;
Not just from "Father which is in heaven,"
The earthly one had felt the heaven
From a daughter's plea; for him intended,
Petitions for earth and heaven blended,
As pious incense for the courts above,
To win both fathers, answering love
In kind consent.

Unbelief would eat away like cancer;
Here we see a true and tender answer.
Earth and heaven join and complete the joy
To secure the wandering preacher boy.
Though ocean rolls its billows now between
Two lovers. Wedding day will soon be seen,
For o'er the distant wave the spreading sail
Will ope' its folds to gather the gentle gale,
To bear her hence.

For then a woman's courage must be great,
To leave her kin and be a preacher's mate,
Thro' love of him, and for the gospel's sake;
A confidence, that trials cannot shake,
Philanthropy and divine love supreme,
Salvation is the song, the ruling theme;
Under its guidance are those lives sublime,
They are blessings in any land or clime,
Workers with God.

He oft told us of his bachelor life,
While waiting patiently for coming wife;
Not as apt as Chinese laundry scholars,
But washed quite well the shirts and collars,
Also his small supply of underwear;
An obscure site to laundry was his care,
Like European women, chose a stream,
Would wash them, to dry amid doze and dream,
Ready to start.

He, like the Irish, ran a private mangle,
With washerwoman need never wrangle
About the job, or yet dispute the price,
For his own poverty had made the choice.
Do you ask, "How was the ironing done?
By steam or horse-power was the machine run?"
Preacher his canoe must always paddle,
Would mangle it between self and saddle
By horse-power.

Ask, why did not kind sisters do these jobs?
Then preachers wore no jewelry or fobs.
Too poor was he to own an extra change—
Must wait till after wash to re-arrange.
Doctor Brown, says we, make feather beds,
Downy pillows, where the boys lay their heads;
Treat not the old like cigars or shoes, - - stogies
Worthy of contempt—the fathers, only fogies,
Now cast aside.

The mental powers of the departed
Had prominence, like the mountains charted
On a good map of beautiful landscape,
Where objects are in order and in shape.
The greatness of mind, like towering trees,
May meet the storm, while dwarfs but feel the
 breeze,
And all is quiet on those lower planes,
When tempest robs the oak of all its gains,
 So preacher fails.

Then, to be English in those early days,
Made a fit subject for contemptuous gaze.
Americans kept home, still untraveled,
Old world mysteries were unraveled,
The Atlantic horizon bounded ken;
Raphael de Vinci, Angelo, such men,
Were not subjects of their praise and strictures,
Ne'er gazing on their statues or pictures,
 They knew not art.

There is now a different state of things,
Like the swift pendulum that swings
In line from side to side to measure time,
So true and excellent of every clime;
No longer we hear exclusive stories,
Flowers of all lands may show their glories,
The tropics may send their various fruits,
Italian charm with melody of lutes
 For our pleasure.

His wife, well known as lady preacher,
Then from many churches call would reach her.
They accuse women of verbosity,
Yet will gratify their curiosity,
So anxious to hear women sermonize,
That on their future they may theorize;
What rights the church should yet extend,
Where innovations on old realm will end,
They ask the church.

They had a mutual understanding,
Which should direct helm, the ship commanding
That neither captain, pilot or the mate
Should use the ship in seeking to be great.
The couple busy as steamer stokers,
On the ship, Zion, were true co-workers;
Doing duty like brave women and men
By Bible compass, till havens in ken,
They've anchored bark.

It is not an old issue we confront,
Buried like some city that felt the brunt
Earthquake, volcanic conflagration.
Periodic fire in church and nation
Even a ghost like Hamlet's will not down;
Seeking women's rights, work path of renown,
Objectors say the work is far too coarse,
Nor do all men succeed by brutal force;
Why should woman?

As many queries in the mind revolve,
The sufferage question is so hard to solve,
We do not mean that she should merely vote,
'Tis in some eyes a microscopic mote:
Things that radiate around the center
Make the people fearful of the venture.
Yet the farmer will tear down old fences,
That fail him, regardless of expenses,
For new patents.

To bachelors and widowers 'tis rife,
Would such a woman make a better wife,
Fitter for hymenial work or feasts,
Or be like nuns, monks or celebrate priests?
Is she an orb just for domestic spheres,
A fire and light no other circle cheers,
Conferring light, family sun that shines
Like the dim light that flickers in the mines
On diggers' caps?

In matrimony we are led by taste;
Prejudice sticks like mucilage or paste,
Makes it prominent as are theater bills,
Pictures of pugilists in bloody mills,
Or in love scenes; and murder attitudes,
The vile figures and worn out platitudes;
Our prejudices may not be so vile,
Yet send women into lonely exile,
Away from love.

Hannah's husband, a true logician,
Among expositors held position;
Theologian, strong in argument.
Others smoother things would oft invent,
But his were the heavy strokes on anvil
That moulded men; his the ponderous wheel
Which forged arguments, mighty levers,
Lifting doubt, and making strong believers
In God and man.

Many hearers called his sermons heavy:
Reason to some is too great a levy
Title to attach, vain the Sheriff's writ
When there's no property. Wisdom and wit
Are deputized, return empty handed.
Truth shattered by the rocks and stranded,
Or rolling off, sinks to the deep abyss;
The holy dove, the messenger of bliss,
Returns to God.

Brother Reeves, in advance of his people,
Near them, then like bird above the steeple
Dropping nuts; some could not find the kernel.
Account of things divine, and those infernal;
On sin and folly strong were his strictures;
Of avarice he drew hideous pictures—
No doubt 'twas one of their besetting sins—
Forgot the poor with their full cribs and bins;
Soul take thine ease.

We will give one of his terse expressions;
"Based on sight, or their own confessions:
Many will have idols, if but corn-stalks;
Some of you worship them, your daily walks
Show avarice, gain your ruling passion;
The theme is greed, ever in the fashion
No subject greater than the coming crop ;
At store, blacksmith or cordwainers shop
It is the talk.

As the artists make the different shoes,
Farmer and broker then retail the news,
The clip of wool, or price of corn and oats;
What good men! yet need money on their notes.
Fond of the gains, as gamblers ever were,
Quick as three monte men to grab the lucre;
From the vile path of mammon that they trod,
Took a loud call to bring them back to God.
To the straight way.

In those dark days our brother sowed the seeds
Amid the fields o'ergrown with evil weeds,
To rest for years in ground hard like fallow,
Where preachers plowed it only shallow,
Deep, as if by rich Nile it were baptised,
Down plow-share, it must be pulverized,
By air and rain from greater depths is cast;
Rich soils upheaved are treasures of the past,
To be our sheaves.

In youth he remembered his Creator,
The father's love. He saw nothing greater,
Yet would preach of Hades, Hell or Tophet,
For he was Amity's greater prophet;
Like Daniel, Isaiah, the greater ones.
Prophets in Jewish church, her faithful sons;
True men, were not received with open arms,
Prophesy smooth things; only they have charms
That delight us.

Kindly treat the memory of pastors,
Making none author of disasters.
The church had prophets greater and minor,
Such as the conference could assign her;
Sure in Israel were the faithful sons,
Pointing the right way as traveler runs;
So here were good men of divers talent,
E'en to draw a line would be ungallant
Among true men.

Bible names may show a prophet Joel,
Other men that strive to reach the goal;
Bad inferences would not become us,
For doubt is not always with a Thomas;
"A rose may smell as sweet by any name,"
Yet sweetness would soon give it highest claim;
The laborer that works with all his might
Will find darkness and joy give way to light
With great reward.

'The poems here at home, who'll write 'em down,
Jes' as they are in country and in town ?
Thus writes the poet, James Whitcomb Riley ;
The job for Amwell, we try it shyly,
To speak of men, the beauty of her groves,
The creek, its fish, and all its little coves ;
In meadows, those flower bedecked meads,
The bird of song with silent nature pleads
For human praise.

Such scenes, fit for a Ramsay or a Burns,
Should not be lost to sight in obscure urns ;
Far better hear a rural limping song
Than let them join oblivion's vast throng.
Like Indian tools, covered in the mounds,
When ample fact and fancy still abounds
To bring those noble men and things to light,
The meteors and stars that shine so bright
On our pathwav.

This couple has secured full attention :
There are other worthies we must mention.
On their social powers a parting word,
About welfare of church were gladly heard ;
They were kind to the young, struggling preacher ;
She was motherly, complaints would reach her.
Once she gave me a piece of golden coin,
It was prized more than gem of richest mine
By the rich ones.

Like little posies mid the running vines
Are christian graces which the heart inclines,
‘To shed joyous fragrance o’er the world,
Tho’ modest as the flower that’s curled
By the bright sun, mean time would soon promote
To place through church, or yet by college vote;
And we desire to deal with them fairly;
“A man is a man for all that,” squarely
Would treat merit.

But there are names that are historic,
Stones more valuable than those meteoric,
In war and letters have important place,
Their well earned fame in history trace;
And there we find the industrious Scott,
Author of many a famous plot;
Depicting truth in pious Jenny Dean;
To virtue, poetry and romance lean,
And we have Scott.

And Wallace the Scottish patriot, bled,
His heart in Melrose, also Bruce’s head,
Are buried ’neath the Abbey arches,
While love of liberty in its marches
Gave to the Pilgrim Fathers this great land,
To us, from Atlantic wave to Pacific strand;
If our Wallace wielded the spirit’s sword,
His work will not perish, like Jonah’s gourd
Will yet shelter.

Goldsmith has but one parson on tapis;
We have several that can't escape us.
He treated well the vicar of Wakefield,
And many a lesson did he yield.
Then, in his "Deserted Village," the story
Brought the obscure parson into glory.
But our parsons are more numerous;
Some were sedate, some, like Swift, humorous;
Each had talent.

They'd lay "Old man, Sin," upon a stretcher,
Kill him, preaching holiness like Fletcher,
Oft forgetting sinners, the only race
Was perfect love for satisfying grace;
This ye should do, not leave the other undone;
So says the Teacher, God's well beloved son.
Earnest and good men, like Brother Dyer,
O'erlooked the mire and clay, reaching for fire
That sanctifies.

With others a new heaven and new earth,
Millennium glory the only worth
Should occupy the heart and fill the theme,
Of each discourse, of preaching be the cream
Skimmed from every doctrine; the great truth
To solace age and to instruct the youth,
Pious and ambitious, pilgrim trudges
The hard road; ere long he'll join the judges
O'er persecutors.

Learning religion's hand-maid, men mocked her,
With her college titles, master, doctor;
Effort to make men wise, and stamp them great
Self-important ones will still underrate.
Those that refuse ere long deplore the loss,
Because with her they would sustain the cross
Against arguments of boasting unbelief;
From Celsus, Paine or Volney give relief;
Deception show.

Brother Scott, the pastor, not a doctor then
(In Washington he joined the titled men).
The church had a blessing or calamity,
Pastor deserted them in Amity.
I'm not a judge to sit upon the bench,
And to condemn deserting pastor French;
But believe he took of them French leave;
Brother Scott divided time—a part to give
With Washington.

A ten mile ride o'er muddy road, a task
For little pay, was very much to ask;
Through poverty and mud men oft must plod,
No other motive than the love of God.
Words were oft spoken like persimmons tart,
For years they left upon the soul a smart,
Not soft-toned, like southern auntie's honey,
But bitter charge, preachers work for money;
Will air keep them?

Our memory those noble men extols.
For days of doubt and conflict try the souls,
Furnaces refining gold from base dross,
And pruning heroes that stand by the cross,
Showing the world many a good omen,
That men can stand like Calvary's women,
Near by the cross in time of danger,
As true to it as Bethlehem's manger;
Both were for all.

The church roll had about thirty members;
The fires were'low, the smouldering embers
Were hard to fan again to fervent flame,
Causes of declension we cannot name;
But doubt and darkness did the cause o'erwhelm.
Hope came when pastor Scott assumed the helm;
We were o'ershadowed by a powerful church,
With piety and talent envy could not smirch;
Our race seemed vain.

Their names, like apostolic twelve,
Men of worth our annals could not shelve;
There was Sealy Baldwin, long since departed,
Lover of church, kind and open-hearted,
Entered ministry, not long to labor,
With visions bright, like those on Tabor,
His true friendship God would soon deny us;
Then to dwell with Moses and Elias
On higher mount.

The church by many trials was perplexed ;
They may have chosen for the golden text,
"Zion despise not the day of small things."
"Shall reap, if ye faint not," assurance brings.
'Their progress is worthy of an anthem,
Like Japan flower, the great chrysanthemum
Was so very small in its beginnings,
Fine variety is from constant winnings ;
So with the church.

It had long been a matter of dispute
About the temples, and some would refute
That idea. On Mount Zion there were three ;
The second was remodeled ; some agree
That Solomon's all others did surpass.
Old men that saw the second cried, "Alas !"
The beauty of the first told the story
Of the house, the sacrifices, its glory
And worshippers.

We ask does Herod a new temple build,
Or old one repair, beautify and guild ?
Temple, glory of thy promise greater,
Then to be revised by Jesus later ;
Thine offerings forerunners, and his types
Were pointing to his ignominious stripes ;
Sacrifice 'pointed by the great I AM,
The ordained type of him, the Paschal Lamb
For all our sins.

'Twas there Jesus taught his power made known
To cheer, removing sorrows, pain and groan,
Forgiving sin to all that sought the rest,
Those penitent to the Master pressed,
That heard the gracious call, "Come unto me,"
Were from bodily malady made free;
Also disciples at the temple gate,
Where the poor and suffering ones await
Some gift from man.

The old log church, Presbyterian pioneer,
Was bought at sum none could think dear,
The building entire for fifty dollars;
Then economy had many scholars.
Upon the pews no ownership put tabs,
They were quite free if only made of slabs;
True they were very trying on the back,
But they could not wear out the silken sacque
Silks were lacking.

Many wrong impressions one believes,
So like our mistake about President Reeves;
Were quite certain he had been their pastor,
The more we wrote, the idea stuck faster,
Until viewing the records; then the list
Showed that the worthy name was missed
Was president, living in the village;
Had the entire district under tillage
By the preachers.

Truth should be worn like a precious locket,
With the good advice of David Crocket'
Adage, " Know you are right, then go ahead."
The gospel seed wide o'er the furrows spread,
Sinking in earth, dying to rise again,
That nature may give bread to hungry men,
Rewarding laborers with heavy sheaves;
So gospel harvesters with Brother Reeves
Worked the fields.

He had preached so much for the little church,
We thought him pastor, until recent search
Showed the condition of those former things;
Then notion fell like bird from broken wings.
Sister Reeves oft made the old building ring
With gospel promise, or with threats that sting
The guilty conscience, until sinner pleads
With Christ for mercy, He who intercedes
At God's right hand.

The church was formed in eighteen thirty-one,
'Mid many obstacles, deterred by none;
Though prospects were gloomy and patrons few,
Thoseworthies walked by faith and not by view.
'Twas in the old log house of Brother JAMES,
Distant from city church and belfry chimes,
Obscure like a queen bee in little hive,
Despise it not, for it will surely thrive
As time goes on.

The Presbyterians were much surprised
That a Methodist church was organized ;
It was far smaller than the ancient ark,
Than Noah's ancient craft, the floating barque,
Whose passengers were family of eight,
So very long denied a landscape sight ;
Floating o'er waters till the olive branch
Was brought by dove to window; vessel staunch
Outrode the flood.

It was not the pomp of architecture,
Or any subjects of mere conjecture,
They fed upon, but those great Bible themes
Which gave the life. Their daily walk, it seems,
Was guided by the precepts of God's word.
Like soldiers by battle trumpet stirred,
Soon were equipped in warlike manner,
To do or die 'neath the captain's banner,
Soldiers of Christ.

But now 'tis said, we cannot draw the crowd,
Ere the church finds the trappings of the proud,
These charms the wanderers will oft elude
And gather in the waiting multitude.
The stained window and Gothic architrave,
Or eloquence or music, they must save.
Is it so in Milan, or yet Cologne?
There's no saving power in marble, stone ;
The gospel saves.

E'en the pulpit was of the olden style,
Above the people, free from modern guile;
Though shaping life by the square and bevel,
The preachers must find a higher level,
Where they could see to draw the gospel bow,
That arrows to the sinners' heart might go;
Under the power of great conviction,
Then the devil undergoes eviction
As bad tenant.

Beneath that high pulpit was a closet,
For lost articles a safe deposit.
One Sunday evening came some stirring boys,
(For play and mischief like thorns are in their joys;
In danger pick berries and the roses;
It oft-times an honest heart discloses)
Disturbed ere they were through with their fun,
Into the pulpit closet they must run
To be unseen.

They could not close the door for lack of air;
Seeing it partly open, with great care
A brother closed it. They could not stand
The pressure. Now out in the street to land
Was the great matter. Then came the loud groans;
The congregation wondered about the moans,
When like timid rabbits from the stone fence,
One made a jump and escaped from thence,
Others followed.

We had a meeting for the First Church last night
To see what lots and buildings would be right
To meet our wants in compass of our means,
Upon our property to place no liens.
Income can't meet in five and twenty years,
One hundred and sixty thousand appears
The limit we can reach in given time;
If fifty-thousand church won't chime,
Subscriptions must.

Thousand for one of Amity's old logs;
Yet they think we are groping in dense fogs,
To build near Shadyside with such a sum;
That our prosperity will never come,
O'er shadowed by a grander building;
Like sugar-coated pill, gospel guilding
For the sinners will send it freely down,
And cleanse from soles of feet to upper crown
Both head and heart.

We have seen magnificence in brick and stone,
In cathedrals of Rome, Milan, Cologne;
They may give rise to an æsthetic taste,
But pious worshiper retiring chaste,
Is not dependent on such earthly things;
Glory to God in any building sings;
He prizes Master builder. Living stones
Are more precious than marble sculpture owns
With great designs.

The newly purchased Bidwell Street lot
To many ministers is hallowed spot;
For years there dwelt one of our noble men,
Gave aid to charity with purse or pen,
In political economy well versed.
To him the needs of church were oft rehearsed,
We visited him for aid to a new church,
Then, after he had made a proper search,
Gave five hundred.

But now we will some anecdotes relate,
As the Amity names we may not state,
Though given to us. They had queer preachers,
Not at all times the reliant teachers;
The model men the church and world hold dear,
But those whose piety was strained and queer,
The accusers of their brethren's good name,
Would cast on characters an odious blame
By aspersion.

Oral or written diaries reward search,
When David Jones was pastor of that church,
We find a great revival and the result
Of faithful effort. Those that will consult
The records find that anecdotes appear;
That then was human nature very queer,
Interest in the meeting was so great;
Two services in day and night till late,
For altar work.

Noah was there upon the mountain top,
Like namesake before the wine made him flop.
Patriarch wanted to obtain some pork,
That his children might work with knife and fork,
Never thinking in need he'd be forsaken,
That trade or credit would not get the bacon!
'Twas a disciple, but not the apostle John;
Good bargain more than love he doted on,
And pork was high.

Whether tender was cash, credit or shoes
We can't tell, but offer he did refuse;
Market was high and pork was in demand,
Against the sale he took decided stand.
Facts of moment are often obscure scenes;
Not like the swine of the Gadarenes,
For the hogs and owners were very queer;
Leads us to ask were there any devils near
Those Amwell swine.

He always left companion in the lurch,
Like a screaming owl on the highest perch,
Which drowns the voice of songster down below.
To other talent is a deadly foe.
How often great men talk at our expense;
In silence we pay for their grand eloquence.
Sometimes his talk would delight the hearer;
Again one would feel like lamb with shearer,
Cut through the skin.

An interesting but excessive talker,
Like a good camel you cannot balk her;
Loaded full till last feather breaks her back;
John never knew that feather kept the track
For the village gossips, gave him full news,
So on all subjects he could air his views,
At the store, shoemaker's or blacksmith shops,
About elections or the coming crops;
Good Democrat.

The price of hogs in market met decline,
Fell quick as broken cage in a coal mine,
Pulling farmer down to a low level,
Into mire placed for him by the devil;
In meeting countenance bespoke mishap,
From its clouds came flash and thunder clap,
Loud murmurings, as if God had taken
All things away with the price of bacon,
Whole hog and tail.

We do many things that don't become us;
Loving John mantles himself like Thomas
In doubt; others by their talk, low gammon,
Their praise of greed, idolatry of mammon,
Are blamed. E'en the church, the world rebukes her
Being led astray by the love of lucre,
Turning the house of God into a fair,
With merchandizing not considered square,
Those games of chance.

Speaking of doubt, we recollect the frost,
When hope of crops was to the four winds tossed,
Fifth of June, in fifty-seven or eight;
Many farmers were left in a dire plight.
Their complaints were oft full of unbelief,
Piercing each pious soul with greatest grief,
Deep heart lines, like time on face engraven;
Scripture lessons—sparrows, and the ravens—
Were lost in doubt.

The meeting was yet on the upward grade,
For Satan's realm the church did still invade,
As she was gaining greatly. The devil
Must move, against man his aim would level
New darts; yet he flies before the Master;
He'll make some suffer for the disaster.
As in olden times will bring down the swine,
Not in the sea, but in market with the kine,
No price shall bring.

Although the pork came not to waiting pot,
Would-be buyer was happy in his lot,
Because farmer's aim had been defeated,
When he was so earnestly entreated
To sell the pig on proper terms and price
We cannot say; 'tis true he did rejoice
High on the mount of prayer and song,
Leaving the earthly care and swinish throng
Down in the mire.

What of lost side meat, the shoulders and hams,
The choicest pickles, the preserves and jams,
Also the luscious plums, and the red peaches;
Then think of the lesson scripture teaches
To all: "Man doth not live by bread only,
By every word from the Lord." So lonely
And orphan-like his lot. If the Father's hand
Did not bestow, his barque upon the strand
Would be a wreck.

The brethern we've so long contemplated
Were men of merit; what has been stated
Shows the eccentricities of those in trade,
Like small defects in a Damascus blade;
Fit for good service in a noble cause,
As swords drawn forth in liberty's great laws,
One of these has long since laid by the sword,
The other is still trusting in God's word,
Will soon pass over.

Amid the distant past we now will rove,
Think of Jackson planting out the grove;
Little saplings gathered from the woods,
Better than parasol or sun-shade goods
Of any kind and thriving locust trees;
In this aphorism every man agrees: [grow;"
"He does good who makes more blades of grass
But James a better record here can show
Before the church.

Those benefactors with wide spreading shade,
Like men rein steeds in battle cavalcade;
To forget the planter would be outrageous.
While basking in grove nicely umbrageous;
Reclining 'neath their shade upon the grass,
The young men will scan each pretty lass.
In great revival the themes may be devotion,
For a full heart will show its strong emotion
In every word.

We'll not be severe on human folly,
Little sparks, like on electric trolley;
For down 'neath the car there is a power,
Greater than money in bride's richest dower.
To send it forward with increasing speed.
Many an aching heart denied its need,
Like blushing rose whose fragrance on the air,
Wasted to human ken, worth may not share
In its just dues.

Our annals reach not to wig and Tory,
They give no account of Amwell's glory,
As we would gladly find the old archives,
What revolution bravery achieves,
The names of those that dwelt along the creek;
No old flint gun or sword we pick
To tell us from meadow's deepest furrow,
Nor where the rabbits and musk-rats burrow
Are tokens found.

When denied those records, strange and hoary,
We will resume the religious story.
It was on one of those keen wintry days,
When through the mist Sol sent his feeble rays
Then Ten-mile creek was bound in icy chains,
Birds were gone, but there were songster strains;
Without the sound of belfry chimes,
The vocal music with poetic rhymes
In praise to God.

It was sweet singing of the old church choir,
Not guided by note book like heaven's fire,
Kindled by living coals from the altar
Of God; hearts and voices could not falter
In wish or praise with such inspiration,
Would sing joyful sound of His salvation;
Then choir leader, George, just in middle age,
Cared not for written music, turned no page,
But sang by air.

To make ample space they cut out the ice,
For the one mode that gratified their choice.
All the converts (there were seven or more)
Who claimed it was the only entrance door
Into the church of God, the proper rite
For immersion; scripture passages would cite.
As our church will please each son and daughter,
'Most frozen, went down into the water,
Shaking Quaker.

For weeks bread on the water we had cast,
And now the meeting was in its full blast;
Like furnace with its fires and heated air
The stony hearts were melted, and our care
Was to run them into the gospel moulds,
Shape their lives in beauty where grace unfolds
From mines of earth and depths of ocean floor;
Jesus to crown kings and queens forevermore,
By grace alone.

We feared the work would make a slaughter,
Clothes froze as fast as we left the water;
We were very soon clad in buckram suits—
The water's cold what Baptist saint refutes.
Please never tell this Methodist preacher,
Who was taught better by zealous teacher,
Chilled through to the marrow of the bones,
Cold purgatory for no sin atones
In mother church.

Placing stout men 'neath surface of the stream
Was not as easy as to gazer seems;
There is a sleight in that like other work,
Knew no more how than Jewish priest or Turk
Of the sacred rite, 'twas no denial,
Baptist would be like us in first trial;
One loses dignity when, like a mouse
Dripping with water, runs to nearest house
To dry himself.

The dresses, in those days we called them frocks,
Clinging to forms, modest opinion shocks;
The contrast great from their extended skirts,
Like bathing costume admired by flirts;
But now we're European, we say gowns,
With nude in art, on it old foggy frowns;
They call him such, the bon ton, the elite;
He claims the old ways and paths are still right,
And plods onward.

At night the church was crowded to extremes,
We were unfortunate in choice of themes;
Friend hoped would have eloquence and fire,
Anxious for a good sermon was the squire;
Baptist minister and crowd would be there-
Wanted me as best workman to appear;
Warned then to do my best upon that night,
The spirit willing, but flesh in sad plight,
Failure must come.

Subject from wise man was not well chosen
By the preacher, who had been so frozen
In one duty, could not regain the fire
To give accustomed tone to gospel lyre.
"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not:"
It seemed as if Satan had made a plot
To defeat us, some new plan developed,
That from our view had been enveloped
In darkest clouds.

Preachers are sometimes too hard on devil,
Forget the square, cut him by the bevel
Often down to sharp and piercing edges,
Orpelt him with mire, black from steam dredges;
Like a traveler in night belaten,
Vile usage is good enough for Satan;
Toward him words and thoughts are venom,
Master never told us love that enemy
We hate for Eve.

No account is not for her sake only;
When he found the Lord fasting and lonely,
He tempted Him to turn Him from our cause,
But his kind love could never know a pause.
Defeat that night as due to world and flesh,
Like the disciples sleeping, not then fresh,
Or, like deer with horns entangled in the brush,
As early traveler through the mud and slush,
In a poor plight.

'Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty-one
The church was built and the finishing done;
The dedication was by Jesse Hull
(Am sorry the account is not more full)
No written word or text of the discourse,
A well-known man of mental power and force,
No weakness in his argument or theme;
Luscious as grapes and rich like Canaan's cream,
Delicious food.

Or we contrast him with vigorous boys,
And our pity responds to every gaze;
Like Scripture teaching that man is as grass,
To fade away and soon from earth to pass;
E'en with it the roots are still remaining,
Those are coming shoots, in spring regaining
Life and verdure, yea, on the other shore,
Where winter storms and fading scenes are o'er,
And all is well.

Toward cowards Hull was never tender;
Said he was not the one to surrender
Even to the devil. In the battles,
Though opposition artillery rattles,
Aimed by the enemy, he would plod,
Like a pilgrim, toward the mount of God.
The brother trembling on the brink now stands,
Too infirm, waiting to join the angel bands
On that blest shore.

He was a man of independent mind,
Quite humane, but at times would seem unkind;
When supplies were low with sarcasm would sting
The people, "I can make the anvil ring,
And get my bread to stir them to duty."
Such language, strong, not a thing of beauty,
'Mid dews descending as from Mount Hermon,
Making rainbow promise in his sermon
To the hearers.

We imitate a florist seen to-day,
Where the roses looked so bright and gay;
But he pierced them through, just near the heart,
With wire to bind them ere they quickly part.
So from church archives where bright acts repose,
We'll tie them like nursery man the rose.
The-three-year old boy we took into the store
For warmth cried loud till we reached the door,
From the keen frost.

His ears were redder than scarlet rose,
And like purple bud appears his nose;
Children and great men alike are tender,
Sympathy to them we all should render;
As they cannot endure the piercing frost,
For many things they dare not pay the cost.
Character, like child's copy, has its blurs,
So our friend was oft rough like chestnut burrs
Which hide the best.

But yet beneath the hidden shell and hull
Search down, find the sweet kernel, round and full,
Men often on the outside place the best,
But nature puts treasures in secret chest:
The brightest pearl 'neath ocean in a shell,
Diamonds deep as bats and lizzards dwell
In mines. Talent is hidden from the dull;
We say, perchance, 'twas so with Brother Hull.
A great preacher.

The other day there was a kind tender
For service, a privilege to render:
Who liked not to deck one's grave with flowers
Desired to give them in my living hours.
Welcome then, far better in active life,
For place and recognition there was strife.
So I lay posies at my neighbor's door,
'Tis late, they will benefit him no more,
Not needed now.

Now for the posies of that valley.
E'en let numbers and beauty make a rally!
Now loom up modest little buttercup;
Do honey bees thy fragrant nectar sup?
Or slightly do they pass thee over,
To gather from the blooming clover?
We consider thee like a golden cup,
From which the working queen or bee may sup.
And gather sweets.

Nor yet would we forget the dandelion ;
For its medicinal properties may shine.
Flowers, like women, have special graces,
Excellence is not confined to faces ;
For, sometimes 'tis interior beauty reigns,
It oft the choice of friend or wife explains.
As dandelion gives medicine for life
To heal, 'tis mission of a worthy wife
Man's path to bless.

Then, amid the grass the little violet
With bespangling verdure, by nature set ;
Arranged in all its beautiest tints,
Brighter than the coins from Federal mints,
Daily impressed on our mental eyes,
E'en better than we can describe the prize,
Or by any common work of stencil :
'Tis entitled to a painter's pencil
Like the masters,.

Let all flowers their hiding place disclose,
And thou, neglected thorn-bush, show thy rose.
They call us masculine, the pointed thorns,
And they are roses which our path adorns :
Posies that claim alone the name of fair,
Their modest claims disown, we never dare.
We fear such roses, crushed to earth in bloom,
Would never yield to man a sweet perfume,
Odor of weeds.

The thorn-bush is by every zephyr bent,
Waving flowers of beauty, with their scent
Cast upon the air. Has compensation
Rises to better some waste land station,
Bows its head to sweeter flowers below;
Gathering smiles, like ladies can bestow
On the sex devoid of their fine graces;
Imparted to his nature, are traces
Of better life.

We fail to gather flowers from the meeds.
We ask, is there no rose the country needs,
Like the eagle emblem of our power,
Some posie to adorn the native bower?
Pretty native of land, like golden-rod,
With dollar motto that "we trust in God?"
May it be truer than our silver coin
With the assertion honest value join,
Like Aaron's rod.

Objection against the little flower
Is, it seems anuniversal dower.
Like English sparrow, monopolizes
The places, drives out birds of all sizes.
Now we need some water spreading talent,
Not like foreign man or bird ungallant,
Even yielding to all a modest share;
Freemen who for the country's welfare care
May feed at crib.

The golden-rod is so tall and stately,
That many men think we need it greatly.
We suffer not by its loss; our banners
Are not in mould for European manners.
On each they have some emblematic rose,
A coat of arms to flaunt in face of foes.
Ladies are ever rife for foreign change,
Their etiquette and dress by it arrange
To name of dress.

'Tis hard to see friends and kin attacked
By envious tongues, their good names racked;
Long since were known as poor and struggling
boys.

Why should prosperity flash envious eyes,
Because genius and work, brought from the vale
Of poverty? A few to tell the tale,
That, in our land there's open chance to all,
Weaver, shoemaker, chandler's son breaks thrall
From poverty.

Fathers respected in all ranks of life,
For few nobler men were met 'mid its strife;
In argument could cope with a rival
On many subjects. On the survival
Of the best, had their own cherished views,
Some excelled in anecdote and news;
The mothers are worthy of passing note;
A part we knew, the other cannot quote,
But all were good.

Very much they helped to gain this land
By head and heart and constant working hand;
From the home legacies and their own toil,
Like great eastern rivals, first take soil;
Struggle on memory makes indenture—
An obscure, but still a noble venture—
Away from home, far over ocean wave,
Danger on foreign sea and land to brave,
Seeking a home.

Frequent thought we give to tramp the bumper
He has not troubled us much this summer.
We've watched the great labor avalanche,
To see the shock, if capital were stanch
Enough to bear continued heavy strain,
Which of the parties would the conflict gain:
Like conflict in Coliseum arena,
Of men, lion, tiger and hyena
In ancient days.

For more important than McDonald strikes,
Or Italian work on ditches or dikes;
Like interest one felt in stars and stripes,
In politics, oil, gas, and all their pipes.
For months presidential canvass had no force,
Only near time they shouted themselves hoarse;
Old order of things so easily upset,
With loss of office: many a heavy bet
Made many blue.

So at Homestead, the first week in July,
When many wounded fell, and some to die.
'Twas from mistaken views of human rights,
Led by chieftains, amalgamated knights;
Their aim, not brotherly love or amity,
That brought the stroke, a dire calamity.
The village of that name gave them the gas,
Now they seek amity, too late, alas!
For their welfare.


Many soon saw the folly of the strike,
Hopeless as Irish fight with club and pike
'Gainst British rule: but bound in solemn league,
They must stand yet through hunger and fatigue,
And never be a black sheep or a scab—
An object of contempt like knotty slab
The mill consigns to meanness or to flame.
Oh! there is murder in so vile a name,
Scab and mad dog.

There are set phrases, that we hear so much;
One, preacher with people should be in touch,
Again, he should be abreast of the age;
These are fleeting actors on the stage,
Another. 'Tis always along that line.
Such words are used until worn out like coin
Effaced, called to mint by Uncle Sam,
Rejected counterfeit and every sham,
Receives the good.

Even as slang words have a rushing day,
Until oblivion buries them away.
And so we claim Amity is in touch
With Homestead works. We ask is it too much,
Now when its gas keeps fires in the great mill,
And the Mormon romance came from its quill,
If by mistake she forged such mighty lies,
E'en at this time illumines Homestead skies
With her fuel?

The recent news sends joy along the lines
To every home on which a gas well shines,
And gladdens those beneath the clouds of smoke,
Busy toilers at the ovens of coke.
Men of the world and earnest church members
Will rake the coke and quench burning embers,
Ready to shout, "The strike is ended,"
That their torn fortunes may be mended
By constant work.

"The moon had not yet filled her horns,
Shedding her rays on lovers 'neath the thorus,
When from the North the wild barbarian came;"
Then youth must fly to arms for home and fame.
We know not when may be the quick alarms
To separate us from the social charms;
Unlooked for not war or pestilence
From our pleasant scenes may bear us hence
Duty or death.



The stream of gas led onward to Homestead.
Hope that our lines for justice only plead;
The ownership in those mineral veins
Wanderings of our poem now explains.
From the old are lessons for the present,
As full moon succeeded by the crescent.
The old full tale in Amwell we renew,
Good men and things their history review
For our benefit.

Comet like actor from behind the scenes,
Last night met earth and broke in smithereens,
Too vaporous to hurt our little planet,
So say the astronomers who scan it;
An outlaw over space, a wandering scamp,
With no path, irregular solar tramp,
Bidding no good to earth or atmosphere,
Unwelcome visitor to our mundane sphere,
We bid good-bye.

A telegram from Philadelphia says:
"The earth passing space and flimsy haze
Struck comet; fragments fell. Meteor showers
Lighted the heavens during midnight hours."
"Twas Beila's," says Professor Snyder.
But had pathway undefined and wider;
Without any known and regular orbit,
A pugilist like Sullivan or Corbitt,
Sparring at earth.

But how can we ever trust the papers?
Like astronomers or comet's capers,
Say danger of collision is now past,
Already broken into fragments cast,
Again, not Beila's with long swinging tail
Like stroke of crocodile may stop the wail
Of every one upon our whirling globe,
In night's eternal sepulchral robe,
Gloomy comfort.

The village suffered the loss of gas;
How cheerful could have been the waiting lass!
For beau or gallant quickly touch the match
Ere yet his fingers pressed the parlor latch,
More ready than match-maker in her cause,
Who treaty makes without one anxious pause.
A little help to modest ones is good,
Like clinging vine, when oak the tempest stood,
Unbent by storm.

Fluid found in Ten Mile hill and valleys
Is borne quicker than treasure in galleys
To prince merchants in the olden Venice;
It travels on, though the mill men menace
Homestead works, new men and the owners,
By scouts of men, boys and women groaners.
On yesterday a better era came;
The strike withdrawn, of a notorious fame,
Gladdened many.

News of riot reached us in New York,
Not dove-like branch of peace, like vulture stork,
Thirsting for dire vengeance and for blood,
Fiercer than avalanche or mountain flood,
Claiming joint ownership in all the mills,
That anarchy would sweep away these ills
On property; righteous, sage decision,
Amalgamated skill make division
In equal parts.

Political economy engages
Your minds. Now, first direct your own wages,
Give to laboring brothers equal share,
If this communal honesty you bear;
For now we place it on your true metal,
With your comrade the matter settle.
Is pig of metal worth billets of steel?
Then skill with labor should share bags of meal,
Else makes a steal.

A mob is like a gusher or an ocean swell,
Uncontrollable as a roaring well
Until confined with iron pipes,
They're tamed like animals of wildest types
When loose. A little spark will start a fire,
Sweeping destruction ere the flames expire.
So mob, conflagration, hate and passion
Can make murd'rous deeds the ruling passion.
Few stem the tide.

Rejoice, if not in conquest yet in peace,
That silent wheels of trade find a release;
All people of our favored county
Are glad that idleness has lost its bounty;
From renewal of strife we all recoil,
Hoping for blessings on the sons of toil,
That capital man's weal may yet secure,
As helping hand to labor still endure,
To bless the world.

Our last visit to homes of Amity
Boded news—impending calamity;
We heard a noise as of distant thunder,
Or nature riving the rocks asunder.
We were told it was a Carnegie strike,
One the millionaire would surely like,
On a peaceful Homestead; just roaring gas,
Where nature gathered forces in mass
For the display.

Then came the news that Mr. Frick was shot,
Through some malignant anarchistic plot,
Played on our nerves the whole day long,
Then the message from telephone or tongue,
Quite early upon that bright Sabbath morn,
O'er company wires welcome borne,
"He would recover," and last night so sad
By the rumor of death, now night makes glad
The anxious heart.

Then heard our boy was in safety there,
Previous gloom gives place to this good cheer.
'Tis so along the pathway of our lives;
Winter, like for the bees, will close over hives,
Against summer joys and the social hours;
Gentle zephyr brings scent of flowers,
The gloom of winter by joy of spring revived
Gives bliss; for men and bees are then unhived
With wings of hope.

The narrative seemed, in its first sad cast,
So planned as to comprehend the past;
But like Belia's comet's far reaching tail
Making at us just now we hope 'twill sail
Far by in space, leave no touch or vapor.
Then we'll o'erlook the odd threat'ning caper,
And those astronomers that make a scare,
When time is past, shall in our mercy share,
When we are safe.

In the narrative of friend, Isaac Sharp,
We find new strings to strike on Amwell harp.
Some olden stories, like their ancient tunes,
Bright as young butterflies from their cocoons
Of it we make a liberal paraphrase,
Picture pioneer life in early days;
The sturdy farmer in his homespun suit
With Indian neighbor spurned dispute,
To live in peace.

His wife, the partner of his joys,
Doted on girls and flaxen-headed boys;
At eve would gather 'round the spinning-wheel,
Waiting for dresses would great interest feel.
The creek passed by, wasting all its power;
No turbine wheel relieved the labor hour;
The steam force was lost in swinging kettle,
Down to the spinning would not yet settle
To help her work.

Steam or water power would not relieve her,
With all her duties she must be the weaver.
Her work not near so hard as fashion's slave,
That lives for pleasure, and does only crave
Intense admiration from the silly crowd
That buzz around her with flatteries loud,
Praising her ruddy cheeks and sparkling eyes,
Insects adversity scatters like sand-flies
By sweeping wind.

With all her numerous household cares,
Each wayworn traveler her kindness shares;
For lunch the very best on table puts,
Her fresh, unskimmed milk and rich doughnuts;
Or if stranger waits for a dinner meal,
Unbounded stores of larder she'll reveal.
See the chased chicken; how speedily it flies!
Must yet grace table with the cakes and pies
And quince dessert.

We may record a wood pile thieving scene
That makes a preacher appear quite mean ;
Human nature, in clerical cloth,
Is often meaner than the working moth
That eats and summers in his overcoat,
When full takes wings and then can upward float
In the air as radiant butterfly,
So he turns pious eyes, towards the sky
But has no wings.

One thought his wood was taking a French leave,
Like ship becalmed he would the sails unreef,
At least to wife ; but he o'erheard the charge ;
Accused came down on him like loaded barge,
With broken cable on the highest flood,
In angry words and gestures hard withstood :
We believe he thought the preacher shoddy,
Threatened to wipe the earth with his vile body,
In just anger.

There's an expression about hidden guile
Not polite, "A nigger in the wood pile."
But 'twas a white man ; he made a Clutter
About him, yet soon he dare not mutter ;
Scared like convict before judge's bench,
In language English or more nimble French,
Claimed 'twas merely for fun, a pleasant joke,
Never meant the dear brother to provoke
To angry words.

That was a mere surprise so full of guile
There was no nigger in that small wood pile,
But the snake had been riggling in the grass
Ere it had time for fatal sting, must pass
Into oblivion, like viper from apostle's hand,
For it must perish ere it reach the sand,
Or as a scorpion taken from my neck,
Before it made of me a broken wreck
In the far south.

There were three preachers at a church meeting,
Kindly in act, friendly in each greeting.
One had some sermons found in a tin box,
Held safely in a clasp with no strong locks.
Mirth ran high, banter by the cheerful host
Another could not preach sermon, occupy his post.
If he did, should receive a full reward
Greater than premium given to bard
Unknown to fame.

Three future pastors of Amity.
The fun came off, but brought calamity.
It was not verbatim; he lost the pay;
Said slave master must stand in judgment day.
A popular young man, but he lost caste,
For the waves of war were coming fast.
The owner of sermon thought it comely,
Assured 'twas much like his own homily
And wondered.

In those days circuit was exceeding wide;
Monongahela River and mountain side,
Allegheny county, Virginia state
Were boundaries. Like a kingdom very great,
The men could not give much time to one spot,
For proper culture was too large a plot;
'Tis true the whole world is our gospel field,
It needs millions of men to make it yield
A rich harvest.

Would we had more incidents from the church!
The logs have perished, vain now the search;
Was the opening a rededication,
Or a common sermon on salvation?
In the utterances were there no gems,
No strong longings after the diadems?
No faith pictures of harps near by the throne,
Nor titles named of mansions pilgrim's own
In that city?

Could we see Presbyterian history,
It would give us facts, removing mystery,
Shedding light upon many researches,
Photographing men in both the churches,
Whose obscure lives are free from every blame,
With virtues worthy of immortal fame;
Our best account falls short, 'tis mere garble.
Records less noble are on fine marble
And history.

My worthy successor was J. D. Herr,
About the church made a lively stir,
Contending they were able to build again.
It took much work to make the duty plain.
With the farmer and the money brokers,
The ruling men inveterate jokers,
But the new pastor who seldom blundered,
From one obtained four or five hundred
To start the ball.

Commentators differ in their search
About the temples; but of this new church
We all know to be the actual third
With altar fann'd by wings of holy bird.
Oft the Holy Spirit, the Heavenly dove,
Had mantled penitents with gracious love,
Resting on mount like Noah's ancient ark,
Had the new Zion ship a favored barque
To save sinners.

None could have done better than our friend,
His social force, like river in its trend,
From side to shore will gather from the banks
Rich material as flood does in its pranks,
Treasures beyond the reach of common tides;
So he touched lucre where mammon hides
For years in its well secreted coffers,
Heart heard the call and its tribute offers
To church of God.

It was no small job men to awaken
To the church cause when 'twas undertaken,
Knowing well the style of material
He must make the tale a long serial.
It would run through months of chapters,
Until money losers he made captors
Like the working bee that gathers honey
From many a deep must draw money
Through narrow cell.

But the object proved a grand success,
All false prophets must the truth confess.
They now possess a nice spacious church
And large locust grove where sweet songsters
perch.

Men e'en in life have works to follow them
To crown their fame brighter than ocean gem,
Sparkling like diamond in bosom stud
Contentment find like kine chewing cud
From pasture green.

Religious prejudice like prison walls
Shuts out view, bright expanse and human calls.
Vain is every cry to pious bigots,
But there's brotherhood turns the spigots
To let Bethsada's healing waters flow
To slake thirst for happiness where they go;
Sorry the brother thought our streams too scarce
To find by large pools a resting place;
Still we are friends.

'Twas the theory of those early times,
If not as musical as belfry chimes,
The appeal was heard about revival
Preacher that failed was not a survival;
Surely became a yearling with his charge,
Cut from his mooring like a doomed barge
With ample fuel for many future fires
Denied fair trial, from the field retires
Without success.

The upbuilding of the church seemed small;
Numbers were their aim, men from sin to call.
He alone was the one sought, the preacher
Who added to the roll the great teacher
That won many sinners, they came by scores,
Numerous friends to throng the temple doors.
Then they did not sing, "He's mighty to keep,"
Nor he who folded the wandering sheep
Away from harm.

That watched well Zion's sons and daughters,
Leading them to good pastures by waters,
Refreshing every blade of grass from roots
Where they could fatten on the tender shoots,
Following them into each hiding nook,
When they came back at beck of shepherd's crook,
Finding the lambs almost with cold perishing,
Those little ones he's kindly cherishing
In his bosom.

•

For the lessons we make Amity Annals
Run in the old and modern channels,
As Cowper uses Task for vehicle of thought
And Young from many sources truth has brought.
His wondrous Thoughts are from night to night,
Gems taken from the rough he polished bright,
Then Pollock in his book, "The Course of Time,"
To lift up virtue and diminish crime
Descants on much.

"We get here a little and there a little,"
Like boys who industriously whittle
To form some plaything or a fancy toy;
From their own handiwork derive great joy.
So we would make a spoon or spoil a horn,
The proverb down through ages has been borne,
In early days the spoon material grew
On head of frisky ram or quiet ewe,
For spoon or comb.

By busy hand was whittled into shape,
With many a cut or rough filing scrape;
So we've been dealing with the goats and sheep;
At times could laugh when not called on to weep.
The savage goats made many butt agains.
More than from pious corners loud amens,
But again was the preacher's oft-used phrase
To call attention to the points he'd raise
Worthy of note.

We've had care of many breachy rams;
Harder to keep than creek by highest dams,
Who'd jump the fence to be where sinners go;
Although it brought upon the church much woe,
They would be with goats, they liked their pranks,
For they dubbed the saints as pious cranks,
Willing to graze with them on thorns and briars,
When from them conscience quietly retires
Alone with sin.

Many of their good resolves Satan smashes;
Like Israel idolaters feed on ashes,
Sinners there are of different gradations,
They act alike through all the dispensations.
Sin led away in patriarchal days;
In Jewish times men could not meet the gaze.
Of golden glitter or of women's beauty,
Grace alone can keep in path of duty
Free from all harm.

Preachers leaving the church for better pay
Is old and not confined to our own day.
In Moses' time men forgot their pledges,
To run fast and claim the golden wedges.
If a fault it comes down from olden times,
Americans love the dollars and the dimes,
Englishmen change to get more pounds and
pence,
All alleging it's for greater usefulness
They hear the call.

'Twas not the work of early pioneers,
In many things successors are not peers
To waste the church by mean comparisons,
They never exposed weak Garrisons
Were well defended, their banner mutual rights
Floated in view by day and moonlit nights;
In preaching or in their pastoral work
Were faithful, some eloquent like Burke
In Hasting's case.

The language often sublime and chaste,
With rounded periods freely graced,
Some sermons were gems of rich eloquence;
Bible's great store they drew imagery from thence.
Formed in models of rhetoric beauty,
In seeking to perform their full duty,
When avarice arose they rebuke her
And worship not the idol lucre
As others did.

But when men can stay ten years at once,
He who says itinerant must be a dunce,
'Twas next door to a settled pastorate;
Those that can thus stay need not bewail their
fate.

But enjoy themselves, dispensing word of life,
They know naught of the early preacher's strife
With fickle minds he met at every turn,
Men whom preacher's rights never see or learn,
They all must go,

The staples of that county met decline,
 The wool noted for its quality so fine
 Retires, cannot maintain its ruling place;
 Even corn, so great a crop fails in the race.
 'Tis better so than fill the whiskey still;
 Useful to feed the hogs and run the mill,
 Low tarriff to farmer has no beauty,
 For loss in wool is owing to small duty;
 Many think so.

But there are other causes, the great West
 With its unbounded acres, land the best
 Equal to the rich valley of the Nile,
 Touch but its surface, and the bounteous soil
 With crops luxuriant will broadly smile,
 Bringing its rich reward for earnest toil,
 'Tis the great competitor to eastern tillage,
 Impending welfare to town and village
 'Tis evident.

In some things the old world can still compete;
 If there be no tariff some things retreat.
 Belgium may send workmen, the very best,
 'Till labor to the very lowest point is pressed,
 Or fill our country homes with society's low dregs
 And bear our market with lower price in eggs,
 When every cackle promises marmers more work,
 Giving their song more vim and pathos with
 each jerk
 When hoisting sails.

Perhaps they did not give it proper thought,
Fearful lest by its snares they should be caught,
Bowling at Mammon's much frequented shrine
And be led away from their work divine.
By their exceeding denial and pious code
Made for minister and family a hard road;
The grade up mountain was too exceeding steep
Oft made the wife and children come to weep
More than required.

"Coming events cast their shadows before them,"
Borne on the swoolen currant we can't stem,
Our preachers leave us for better places;
Some have gone quickly, others by slow paces,
For years scanned the fields with greater gains
With longing eye as Lot looked on the plains,
Until he thought his sheep would fatten fast
Among those sinners, Lot's own lot was cast
To his great loss.

There are rumors floating in the air,
That a preacher will be for better fare,
The pastor soon of some other rich fold.
But yet to all the story can't be told.
Retiring men will not pelt with mud
Who in the past have done us a great good.
We've labored with and stood on Zion's walls,
Fighting the battle 'till each opponent falls
Before the truth.

We such desertions from the church lament
 What'er be the motive that gains consent,
 'Tis hard that old friendship be severed
 Like a strong building screwed or levered
 From old foundations may sink in a new place,
 And never stand in attitude of grace.
 He who goes forth must many dangers meet,
 When rubicōn is passed. there's no retreat
 Must take the chance.

I can devise no reason why they leave
 Too late in life great victories to achieve,
 The restrictive rule they don't come under;
 Long since iron yoke broke asunder.
 There's no itineracy with us now,
 Which is disturbing husband, child or frau,
 Yet other churches have their restless people
 That swing to and fro like slender steeple
 Ready to fall.

No longer do they agitate the matter,
 Grabbing mud their preacher to bespatter,
 Merely to get a change, a new preacher.
 Thus they howl coarse as owl the schreecher,
 Bird that makes night hideous by his cry
 With mid-night owl train men that cut up high,
 No greater disturbers of the home peace
 Than church members that cackle like the geese
 To move preacher.

Late in converse with a farmer banker,
One whose interests ate, like doth a canker,
Said to me, many farmers must go under
Unless threatening clouds break asunder
For they cannot pay notes nor interest.
Now money men would not their funds invest
On judgment bonds. Cash was no longer lent,
The days were past for eight or ten per cent,
Seemed his lament.

The farmers could scarce pay their taxes ;
Thus in doleful eloquence he waxes.
He who made responses to each good call,
Could no longer stop the quick rolling ball
Nor be a stay to a tottering wall,
In pity see his farmer brother fall
By sheriff writ or the impending sale,
Must sink like storm-beat ship neath the gale
Deep under sight.

Those in former years they called good men,
Their paper good enough for thousands then,
Times have greatly changed in thirty years,
Wealth has fled, left joyous eyes for tears.
True, farmers rose from poverty to wealth ;
Few ran quickly or traveled up by stealth.
The peddler in merchandising trace
Has risen to wealth and higher place
Few farmers have.

In former days, men commenced on low wages;
They were great economists, and sages.
One would think they could never buy a farm.
In that small sum, where was the hope, or charm,
Fifty cents per day, was considered good,
On that basis, rent and provisions stood,
There was small chance, to leave a margin,
Could it ever be with every charge in:
Who could answer.

Yet there are some, on whom we ponder,
Rose from poverty a nine-day wonder,
But they were broken down in early life,
Like a shoemaker's long-used, well-worn knife:
Little but handle left, diminished blade;
Could scarcely make, on soles, another raid,
Or trim up again the heels or edges.
Work being done gives no future pledges;
Dead blade of grass.

Some pastors linger with minority,
The greater number are with majority,
On other side of the dividing stream
Singing redemption, the angelic theme,
Beyond the reach of sorrow, death or pain;
Above temptation's snares, securely reign,
All work is done, their constant song of praise
Is fuller far than earthly choirs can raise;
Of glory song.

Men formerly so quick, are pottering,
They of a stately gait, are tottering,
Limp like linen, that has lost its starch,
Slow in their tread as funeral march,
Unlike it, they can't be done up again,
Faded like parched grass, upon the plain,
That fell before the continued dirth,
As we all sink down, to old Mother Earth
For last repose.

The men, most delicate in younger days,
Now seem more vigorous, their steady ways,
Say for them longer life than those so strong,
Some forty years ago, then all were young,
'These are they that once manned Zion's decks
Appear to many like deserted wrecks,
Broken in keel and deck, and nevermore
Repaired, left to rot upon the shore,
By the new men.

Some came from carpenter, or the shoe bench,
They could drive a gospel nail; tightly clinch
An argument, on the sinner's conscience.
Plain men, they held no truth in reticence
Ofttimes their terrors would arouse men's fears,
Then show the Savior's love; melting to tears
Bringing through fear and hope, to mercy's seat
Souls, who soon for the kingdom were made mete
By penitence.

Like Cincinnatus, men forsook the plow,
That at the kingly sceptre all might bow
He left all, to defend his earthly king,
Or his people save, willing then to fling
His sword away, enjoy again his home
When capital was safe, his much loved Rome.
Also these men fought for the Prince of Peace,
Sought the people, neither honor nor fleece,
They worked for men.

'Twas said in a public church conference,
By parties that long since have gone hence,
Church must get a college or a coffin,
Loud, like booming cannon in the offin,
Threatening the town with mortal conflict
That every household they would soon evict,
But no settlement has been destroyed,
And some prosperity has been enjoyed,
For churches live.

You ask what then about the college boys,
Lamented agent's theme, source of his joys.
They all have done well at Amity;
No charge of folly or calamity,
But in other places have left the fold.
Some allege ambition, others say gold,
Have they not practiced on us as a church,
Learned to preach, then left us in the lurch,
Fitted to work.

Years since, we knew two little Englishman,
Argued well, not gifted yet with voice or pen,
But were full of zeal for the Master's cause,
For college learning could no longer pause;
Knowledge from Wesley, Fletcher, Watson came.
All they desired was to exalt His name.
Books sometime, were read at the coal mine;
The other read while he would draw the twine,
Thus they learned.

The truth acquired, made wise, refined,
But experiment with theory was joined.
The colored churches needed preaching,
They were welcomed while sinners beseeching
To flee the wrath to come, and join the church,
Be honest, not other's good name besmirch,
For tattling was the great besetting sin,
• So they learned to preach amid the din
Of Africa's church.

One of the twain was very long-winded,
Especially when telling how sin did,
In the Eden garden, through Adam's fall,
Bringing woe to our terrestrial ball,
With all the train of evils that we feel,
Telling them of deliverance the greater weal,
Through Jesus, who should bruise the serpent's
head,
And the redeemed to victory be lead
By that Captain.

They made agreement who talked too long
It should not be thought as unkind or wrong,
To signal stop by pulling his coat-tail.
Once it was tried, and surely did not fail,
But some coolness was quickly expressed
About limit of sermon, and confessed.
He did not like it, did not seem comely,
To deal so abruptly with his homily,
And spoil sermon.

These men like college ones, practice and go,
They put in work upon the poor negro,
Making others pay for their advancing skill,
Until more profitable pulpits they can fill.
As college boys, the M. P. Church have left
They practiced well in preaching soon were deft
Taking their way, persuing other course,
Let negroes man their desks with other force, *
They found good work.

The morn on last Decoration day
By first train to Amity I found way.
Old friendship's motives we need not disguise,
I came to them without call, a surprise
All the day's programme was well filled,
Yet for prayer and speech I was soon billed.
The first part company's march on the old street
Few were the old friends we had used to meet,
War wasted them.

Nineteen were found in line in the first march.
They looked like plants, burning sun doth parch,
For days when neither rain nor dew can fall,
The manly forms, once so erect, and tall,
Are bent like ancient trees, by constant storms.
Or those robbed of sap, by eating worms
When we first knew them, they were young, robust,
Now seem like plants stripped by the locust
With verdure gone.

Ready to cry this time in the woodman's song,
Woodsmen, spare those trees, their lives prolong,
They have defended us, our country saved,
With patriot zeal many battles braved.
And now we'll plead their cause, can find no case,
Better to bring before the throne of grace,
Than noble men of our generation,
Who saved a sixty million nation,
Claim gratitude.

On the second trip up the olden road,
With faltering steps the old veterans strode.
O'er that hill they went when leaving home,
'Twas o'er many a southern road to roam.
The company was nearly one hundred;
To stand where shot fell and cannon thundered
On Decoration day of eighteen ninety-three,
Of the number, twenty-one we see,
There are few more.

One of the company, orator of the day,
Let others chime in, their reminiscent say,
Sad are the meetings of old comrades,
Fled are the pomp and joy of dress parades.
Those well-worn men, whom toil and years survive
Like wandering bee, from a forsaken hive,
Whom queen has left, only bond of union,
Are humming a dirge, sad communion,
That sympathy.

Seeing them, we would not suppress the tears,
Where sounds had floated in the air in years
That had left marks, those huzzas, latest cheers,
A formal joy, that soon gave place to fears!
For loving eyes no longer see their forms;
When in the field they meet the battle storms,
Far more fierce than greatest showers of hail,
Those heavier losses we must soon bewail
When storms are past.

Mine was the last speech, exceeding short,
Like golden particles from a retort,
Sorrow had long since removed the dross,
Few words were needed there to tell the loss.
'Twas no place, standing by soldier's grave,
With unmeaning rhetoric to rave,
A wondrous story, none came there to tell,
Warriors resting there were known too well
For our weak praise.

After we bedecked the graves with flowers,
'Twas a day of solemn thought. Its sad hours
Have made impressions on our minds,
The scenes were of different kinds.
Prayer, speech and song were well arranged,
And many greetings by comrades exchanged,
Friendship flowed like swift river in its banks,
When not disturbed by its torrent pranks,
Now glad to meet.

The frail flowers we place upon the mounds
Will fade, like church bells, decreasing sounds,
But retentive memory will carry hence
Bright pictures of their deeds and excellence.
The good men we do not find with their bones
Or there would be no monumental stones.
Few homes, or hospitals, would give shelter;
Angels touch of charity they felt her
The needy ones.

Such gloomy thoughts upon our spirits wear,
Burdened like camel, ours a load of care;
Trains must be strong to bear their heavy loads,
Their bridges, firm each article in roads,
Must bear the common portion of the strain,
When Modoc engine pulls the heavy train,
Or pushes it up mountain's steepest grade,
So sorrow's load on human heart is laid,
Too great a weight.

The birds were cheerful, then their joyous songs
Came forth with thrilling notes from well-filled
lungs.

The red bird, with its heaving crimson breast,
Told of a joy our words have ne'er expressed,
Free as the air the little yellow bird,
Hopping from branches, its breast was stirred
With its warbling, the humming bird and wren,
Unnoticed, performed work like honest men,
In place obscure.

Life pulsates here up from the blood and marrow,
There is a bird swarms everywhere, the sparrow.
It tears on its way, like plow and harrow,
Stands toward birds like coach claims
wheelbarrow,

But not so useful, known as little pest,
Driving all others hence in selfish quest.
The humming bird is worthy of some notes,
In beautiful plumage, from rose it floats,
Busy like bee.

The changes that we notice everywhere,
Appear so unaccountable and queer.
Then Presbyterians had a full yard ;
Horses and carriages pressed on hard.
Why has the number so much diminished ?
Surely the church mission is not finished.
We fear they've suffered by supplies—
A non-resident pastor is no prize,
We all have learned.

Has not our own church gained the knowledge?
Church lives not by visit from a college.
The shepherd throws them once a week their feed
And hasts away with locomotive speed,
Learns not until Sunday if wolf was there,
Too late to save or to asuage their fear,
If they were torn, must then bind up their wounds
The pastor near, the loving message sounds,
Come unto me.

In pulpit and at the sufferer's home
To streams of life he welcomed them to come.
The college teacher cannot do good double work.
In death he may find many cold and stirk,
While teaching mathematics, Latin, Greek,
None left in the charge His praise to speak.
Is it economy to see a wasting church,
While peace on other verdant branches perch,
That are watered!

We are charmed as by a voice from Tabor,
"Tis good to be here" and fail to labor,
To bring others to the mount of blessing,
While unbounding love we are professing
Unto the Master's much neglected laws,
Although receiving grace we often pause,
Fearful to meet the dangers in his cause,
After sinners, in highways and hedges,
Who win them from sin and gain their pledges,
To serve the Lord.

Some are camping from mills and glass houses,
Clad in negligé suit, their ample blouses
Bespeak comfort, their shelter merely a tent.
Go to them, show love, ask them to repent,
And let not all their days pass in leisure,
Find no good, but their temporal pleasure,
Stand in life's attitude where Jesus stood,
Speak of Father God and the brotherhood,
That He will save.

Those men, by their mistaken views estranged,
Are not so far away they can't be changed;
There's mercy everywhere, mercy, grand thought,
None beyond its pale, all the Savior sought.
Speak of his saving power, a word for him,
See our duty, neglected lamps now trim,
Bring guests unto the Master's ample feast;
From Satan's bondage they will be released
By Jesus' word.

Amity's old pastors are dropping out;
Heard Brother Hull was gone, no more about.
Silent his feeble steps and trembling voice,
Gone, with the great company to rejoice;
Land, where no troubles come, no sin can warp
The thoughts from God, and with a tuneful harp
Forever sing praise of redeeming love,
Which is the great employ of those above,
So we are taught.

The end of earth brings all the good release,
The ocean of eternity gives peace,
For no storms disturb its placid water,
So human spirit hopes, God has taught her,
To long for that rest beyond sorrow's veil,
Where death, and sin, come not to weave their
tale.

We trust our brother now has found that rest,
Obtained the palm, the plume, the heavenly crest
The Savior gives.

Our men pass away, we scarcely hear the sound
Of the cortage bearing them to the ground
For last repose. 'Twas so with Brother Reeves:
And others moved like worthless fallen sheaves
Far from sight. We miss Fifth Avenue old home,
They brought them oft beneath its sheltering
dome,

Where the last eulogy was said, the prayer
To God, then to assuage the mourner's care
With hope beyond.

The lawn where flaxes whitened, the bleachers
Gather up, in like manner the preachers,
Are laid to rest, like Moses' resting place,
Asks to be concealed from his own race.
The preachers were not told of his demise,
A public man, buried in obscure disguise.
Co-laborers not asked to say a word,
The old friendship fountain is not stirred
By funeral scene.

It has oft been our lot to help with biers
That bore illustrious dead amid the tears
Of relatives and workers in gospel field
That had worked in the same cause, and the yield
From well-sown seed made many hearts rejoice,
That sinners by scores, heard the Savior's voice.
Our earthly judgement when the laborer's gone,
May not amount to much, the Master's "well
done"

Is more than all.

Rest in thy narrow house, its walls of clay
Gloomy, and dark will ope at the last day.
Neglected long, else kept green and soddy,
Will respond to Gabriel's trump, the body
Then like the Master's incorruptible,
Knows no decay is indestructible,
"If the dead rise not, then is our faith vain
We are yet in our sins," no hope retain
Beyond our grave.

We seek Amity's unwritten annals,
Like hieroglyphics on ancient panels,
We would their full meaning now decipher.
Those mysteries, do you ask the why for
Reveal the hidden stones of the long past,
Which in the mould of human life were cast,
Like ores, and coals, deep in Mother Earth,
Or shining stones, that are of greatest worth,
Brought to the light.

For many memories the mind will throng,
The untold romances of old and young,
The scenes of love, the many escapades
More interesting than tales of Indian raids,
Far thicker than mahogany veneers,
Truer than aristocracy appears,
In all its class of gilded romances;
Where prince and knight bestow mere glances
On titled ones.

The love of the young fill gifted songs,
The aged lover to him no meed belongs;
Byron nor Burns ne'er sang his praise,
Nor sounding harp was tuned to joyous lays,
Because of his romantic venture;
Although young hearts have indenture
Nor can persuit to any be more meet,
None consciously from his forces retreat
From his sharp barb.

Our wandering remarks on old lovers
Shall be like sacred mountain covers
O'er cave, of some long lost devotee,
Who left the world that he might then be free.
From vile temptations and suspicious gaze,
In solitude toward God his heart to raise,
The characters in love we freely draw,
Saw tempest coming and stood in awe
Of slander tongues.

Contrasts are found to round out a picture,
Age and youth, in love, meet many a stricture,
They often say 'tis a mere merchandise,
Hiding beneath some untold mammon guise;
But each old lover does not buy a wife,
'Tis only so where selfishness is rife,
Age and experience teaches him how to charm
Kindness and sympathy will soon disarm
Opposition.

Love, like bee, draws sweets from every flower,
Song of turtle dove exposes each bower
The young will bow to lays of sweetest songs,
Enwrap with loving wisdom it prolongs.
The head although silvered o'er with age,
Often has youthful heart that can engage
Maiden, or widow, with its soothing strains
Of eloquence enraptured themes of swains,
Are sure to win.

Some such cases were found upon the creek,
From them strange narratives one may pick
Human nature, is everywhere the same.
To the fond young heart elder may lay claim.
When opposition comes from relatives so loud,
That Cupid is wrapt in funeral shroud,
And all the cherished hopes are laid aside,
And love's pursuit obtains no bride
Because of foes.

The philosophers are stronger than locks;
Reason and love meet their heavy shocks,
Disturb the quiet of the aged swain,
Piercing the heart with sharpest pain,
Hope that must take its final flight,
Leaving the soul in darkest night,
Then comes the painful severance,
For all seems lost.

Forgetting that to hope the crown is sure,
To all that to the end the toil endure,
'Tis lack of patience brings the end,
Not thinking that the road may have a bend,
Lead to avenues again where objects dwell
Like boat whose tacking sails the wind swells,
Bearing from side to side, until the harbor's
reached,
And on the bank the boat is safely beached,
Away from storms.

Who will suffer most in separation,
The aged less, owing to his family relation,
Or experience makes him more obtuse,
From earthly charms he seems more loose;
Nearing the end of the allotted race,
Losses are shorter piety may brace
Upon his heart a soothing streak,
Branch of peace borne in the dove's long beak,
Some unseen good.

We came—witness to prove the love they bore
They in their youth to those that are no more,
Widows that linger here upon the shore,
Their lonely state one must deplore.
Their untold loss time never can restore,
They look upon their loved ones memoir
They testify that difference of age,
Did not mar love's happy loving page
In wedded life.

The expression sad upon their faces,
One quickly sees the sorrow traces,
When asked can young woman love an old man,
Suprised they say: "In grief she surely can."
Theory must ever give place to knowledge,
Learned in the world or at the college,
So we conclude there is no universal rule,
For love experiences the true school
To learn it in.

The witnesses are found who freely prove
The young can venerate the old and love
Them well, with an affection free from guile,
Regardless of their gold or silver pile.
These ladies may be exception to rule,
That such matches are made in mamon's school,
The old are taken merely for their lucre,
As a stolen card in game of euchre
Oft wins the game.

One said indignantly, love one, why not?
Another keenly as with an arrow shot,
Responded with sigh and emphatic yes.
She had entered the bonds when yet a miss.
Recollection of those times was pleasant,
Gloomily and lonesome were the days at present.
You say had he not been her old friend,
Still would he be with her; young meet their end
And leave widows.

We met a lady leading little girl,
We question her, not as a doubting churl,
Anxious to know the facts in human life,
If age and youth are subject to more strife,
Than when all its matches are more equal
Entered a mere child, and well proved the sequel,
She said they loved each other very well,
More than her heart's emotions ere could tell,
Down to the last.

Was old enough to be her own grand sire,
He had the means from business to retire.
We acknowledge this as an extreme case,
In ten mile valley similar cases one may trace.
We avoid all personal, unkind allusions,
To prove winter and summer not delusions.
They ofttimes blend when Sol obtains power,
So age and youth may dwell in love's bower
In harmony.

'Twas affecting as related the former ties,
Having now a young man would not disguise,
The former love still hovered o'er her skies,
Like sunset streaks meet the admiring eyes,
Or when he sends back the lingering sheen,
The last tribute from the day no longer seen,
But painting memory with artistic brush,
A rainbow from cataract's quick rush
Down stream of time.

Truely she was his watching angel guide,
He was never happy when she left his side,
In hour of sickness his greatest friend,
Down the declivity whose rapid trend
Was homeward, down through the valley
To the river . this side there is no rally,
On margin bestows the last kiss and thanks
Soon to meet reception on the other banks
From his Master.

Wedlock, like masonry, may exclude
From its charmed circle those that intrude.
Law says no nonage custom no dotage
Refusing such a name on marriage page,
True love defies it, as all bars and locks,
Moves on like train with open signal blocks.
Its treasures are too great to be delayed,
Mandate says by all must be obeyed,
For common good.

The chains that bind must have no broken links,
The turtle dove a sweeter nectar drinks
Than law, finds higher mountain stream,
And slakes its thirst with a far nobler theme.
Hence ardent love will find a Gretna Green,
Where knot is tied remote from legal screen,
Cupid law-giver ; nor can sordid pelf
Interfere, affection enthroned itself
In those true hearts.

The greatest work has been already done,
Preacher directs it in proper course to run,
Where law and gospel bestows the blessing,
Even all their rights and guards possessing.
Hence see the many runaway matches
Of various shapes like Joseph's patches,
Or else like prisoners or zebra's stripes
Alliances of most singular types,
Matrimony.

The observation of Amity's preacher
Was experience is a dear teacher,
In regard to many a groom and bride,
Behind any subterfuge will quickly hide.
Can they induce him to perform the rite,
Though it may lead him in legal plight.
In those days there was no license needed,
Proper cautions were not heeded,
Risks were taken.

We have a case that rises up to view,
A pillar in the church that should be true,
Vouched for the parties; all was right,
Half through, the preacher saw all was not bright
The bride now found a loosened tongue,
Her words deeper than scorpion they stung,
You'll catch it so he was subject to his ire
No angry man could equal her own sire,
He raved away.

Threatening at once the dominee
Who would willingly forego the small fee,
The little bullets were not welcome then,
He was one of those anxious men,
For his children anxiously seeking bread,
Not wanting to receive the cakes of lead.
But like all other storms it passed by
And light again was radiant in the sky
For family

Return again, to things of solemn cast,
One mentioned among the very last,
Three had fallen during conferece year,
And wife of an old preacher on the bier,
Many there would place a fading flower
By speech or tear in the memorial hour,
Pathetic were tear drops and kindly words,
Sad like the songs of plaintive birds,
O'er their lost mates.

The husband tells the worth of his lost wife,
Who left earth's sorrows to enter into life.
From year to year we are increasing roll,
Leaving us to bewail the funeral toll,
Passing one by one on to the other shore,
To meet here in conference never more,
In early life we joined the working ranks,
Now parted by Jordan rolling in its banks
To meet again.

All our earthly partings have some sadness,
Meeting those we love are times of gladness,
So those will be in Canaan's happy land,
Where sin and sorrow cease with harp in hand,
Praise shall employ the ransomed powers
Unmeasured by time, its flight of hours,
Are unknown there, no warning dial
Will call a halt, nature speaks no denial
To our worship.

Nor ticking clock nor hour-glass, wasting sands
Drive from that temple its devoted bands.
The last word of the service by Dr. Scott,
Depicted well our future, glorious lot
From the divine revelation which saith
No sickness or pain or sorrow and death,
Or gloomy sound o'er all higher plains,
Earth is escaped with all its griefs and pains,
Glory to God.

We are more concerned for the living,
Who are still before earth's tempest driven,
The Amity church has yet some preachers
Young men that may for many years be teachers
In the church, servants of the living God,
And aged who nearly all the road have trod
On their pilgrimage to the bright city,
Will soon pass the vale of care and pity.
Will then rest there.

The tired workmen may lay down their tools,
But there are reserves still in prophet schools,
That as the ranks are by death depleted
Gospel work by them will be repeated.
The renowned and trifling unbeliever
With every jest and guise of the deceiver
Has not led off those indoctrinated
By the old preachers, are not ill-fated
By deceivers.

For them no massive monuments of stone
Gave to their graves an austere, solemn tone
Nor yet a thirty thousand dollar shaft
Chiseled by best workmen, in sculptor's craft,
Reared to proclaim deeds of Christian love,
Record on hearts of men, and book, above,
Registering angel, had written their names and
deeds,
Nearby the throne, where Jesus reigns and pleads
Their cause with God.

They are buried in some obscure grave-yard,
Their constant requiem is by songster bard,
But there is ground in Allegheny cemetery
For those who've safely crossed the Charon ferry.
The members of the Pittsburg Conference
Have their last resting place without expense,
Many find their long and last repose,
Until earth's history on our race shall close
By the last trump.

The cost of some of the burial lots
In that cemetery's most favored plots
We hear of eleven thousand dollars,
Not for poverty's economic scholars
Who possess no palatial home on earth;
When catering to the common good their worth
Cannot be recorded on parian, marble slabs,
Like choicest flowers unknown because no tabs
Declare their names.

A local preacher is an exception,
His philanthropy could give reception
To a down-trodden and enslaved race,
On monument his character there trace.
The artist has given to the marble power,
Rich is the chisel's gift as bridle dower,
Showing the objects of his noble works,
Prompted by love where no ambition lurks
To injure it.

When in their benevolence may show knavery,
'Twas never so with the black man's friend, A very,
Giving in the name of the kind Master,
Oft brings Gilead's balm to each disaster
That can befall the fallen human race.
Twice blesses giver and receiver finds grace,
As earth receives refreshing drops of rain,
Rises and sends the vapor back again,
So mercy acts.

Shall we linger in God's own acre?
In Genoa solemn as an undertaker,
We visited the place of their noble dead,
More by curiosity than veneration led,
We're surprised at beauty of resting place.
Affection and art had all things done to grace;
The charnel house of dear departed friends,
Would have thoughts of love, where beauty blends
Around the tomb.

Not found in the unearthed Indian mounds,
Revealed to us from all their camping grounds,
Are the tokens like Pompeii uncovers,
We've sought in vain mementoes of lovers
Through all races, one common passion reigns
Over highest mountain, on lowest plains,
Cementing men in universal bond,
Ministering social joys; we all are fond
Of their delights.

The untold story of hill and valley,
We would give much to find the lost tally.
Can find war mementoes, hatchet and spear,
But talismans of love do not appear
To tell us of the dusky braves and charmers;
Nor love relics of pioneer farmers,
War may have some weapons, hieroglyphic,
The tools of war the most terrific,
Such we can find.

When we commenced the village annals,
Sorrow was plowing on heart its channels
Deep then, the diverse thoughts gave great relief,
Better far to take each mind away from grief.
The work has been a benefit to self,
Although it brought no stores of earthly pelf,
The muse led from the low ground of sorrow,
Comfort from hope, promising better morrow,
So we go on.

Love the ancient universal cable
To resist its current few are able;
All enjoy the brightness of electric sparks,
Its devious path like our boyish larks.
Who has not been in touch with it at times?
The notes are musical, like belfry chimes,
Even songs are products of untutored bards,
And for its concerts all the world have cards,
With full welcome.

The longevity of Amwell people
Rises to view like majestic steeple.
Many there are who pass their fourscore years,
Making the best of life, not vale of tears.
Can remember walking ten miles with one,
Was less tired than I when tramp was done.
Those octogenarians had some nerve,
From the hard labor he would not swerve,
If strength allowed.

To-day saw clergyman of ninety-five
Laid to rest. How many did he survive?
Of younger, stouter men near fifty years
We've known him, and his work appears
To us like Goldsmith's poems, smooth, well done,
Laboring on 'till near his setting sun,
And Amity had such old faithful men,
Whose worth was not so plain to human ken,
The young are sought.

When material progress opens ways,
The ark of God new energy displays.
From all benefits of temporal weal,
The church greater power for work will feel.
Electricity gives worship better light,
Its motive power makes audience delight
In the numbers that attend its meetings,
Improvements add to its joyous greetings,
All things are ours.

The sexton's troubles to obtain the oil,
By journeys added to his weary toil;
Well weremember the sad tale he told,
When lard was scarce, like leaves of beaten gold;
From farm to farm the weary race he made,
O'er the hills and far down the wooded glade.
Sometimes he'd search 'till Sunday afternoon,
Not knowing that he could find, much-sought boon
For night meeting.

Some of our village churches now are bright
When lit up from the incandescent light.
The schools have much improved in thirty years.
Now they are graded, everything appears
To cheer the heart and to improve the church,
All foggy views are left far in the lurch,
Learning is religion's true hand-maiden,
Their harmony is like that of Hayden,
A cheering gift.

To all interests the bad roads were foes,
The social avenues they often close,
Interfere with all the congregations,
Mar the happiness of all relations.
It is not so in European lands;
They mix the limestone with its clay and sands,
And every road shows good macadamize,
The travelers their use, and beauty prize
As they pass them.

Now the State is moving in this matter;
Mud must not the traveler bespatter;
Wagons will no longer sink to the hubs,
Nor horses pull 'till chaffing collar rubs,
Their breasts and shoulders until peeled and sore
In efforts vain, 'til strength can do no more,
Then driver unloads the towering heap,
And empty wagons, rescued from the deep
With much lost time.

May we not hope soon for a better day,
When children with bicycle can play,
Or young men use them in their evening calls?
No neighing horse will measure time in stalls,
The crib will lose no hay, the oats and corn
From bin will show no loss at early morn.
The wheel stands silent by the garden gate
'Till question's popped and he knows his fate
Engaged or not.

Let's speculate about the future gains
A cheap motive power for hills and plains,
Stalking forth like genii, whose magic move
With fleetness and untold power may prove.
The greatest boon that science can bestow,
Or hidden nature from its store-house show,
The near future great blessings may reveal,
For new people, cities the discoveries feel,
Have been their boon.

The electric car may traverse country road,
Freighted from hour to hour with human load,
Intelligence and beauty may adorn the seats,
And communities may rise to noble feats,
Coming in contact with a living age,
Making better record than its former page
Of history, for their favored county,
Aided by the works of skillful bounty,
Common blessings.

Science and art extending their great sway,
Prepare us for reign of Christ, his great day,
When millenium thrones shall cover earth,
Men will see character alone has worth,
Each invention that proves to man a blessing,
Scattering wants and things distressing,
Are so many harbingers of common good,
For every one who by the truth has stood,
Will reign with him.

In concluding our long annals story,
Speaking of men and things young and hoary,
We have sought to do it without bias,
Dealing just with sinner and the pious,
Hoping we've done justice to each mortal,
And left our offering at the portal
Of the church until we found the truth,
Some wreaths of excellence for age and youth,
Brought evergreens.

Were former days better than the present ?
Is an inquiry that may be pleasant,
If 'tis free from old or new predjudice,
And men from purest motives make their choice ;
These are better days from a material point.
A foggy view may make them out of joint,
Improvement has bettered man's condition,
Each machine and motive force addition,
Adds to his bliss.

What of the moral forces now at work,
Can we ever win pagan, Jew and Turk ?
Or will they fortify themselves, their faith
Never hear what the Lord Jehovah saith.
The parliament of all religions held
At the World's Fair, will it cement and weld
The various faiths into a common whole ?
Will it find God and feed the human soul
On bread divine ?

We look back on those olden gospel days,
Many bright spots meet retrospective gaze.
The old that felt and saw can know their worth,
The manna food we found on desert earth.
Young people see none but present forces,
Christian Endeavor work that coerces
Men to come into the great Gospel feast,
All are pressed, the noble, last and least,
Are welcome there.

Many men there were obeyed injunction,
Laymen too without clerical function,
Heard him say go into highway and hedges,
Compel them, take no excuse or pledges,
But bring them at once, to the banquet room,
The silver-haired and those in youthful bloom,
Even those who have felt their degradation,
No expulsion because of class or station,
 Invitation hear.

There were lookout committees even then,
Anxious to seek the lost women and men.
Souls had their value in those pious minds;
They were fleet after them, like mountain hinds
Bounding o'er Laurel Hill, for grass or springs
Worthy of greater praise, than bard now sings
In limping lines or in pathetic strains,
They who built up the cause with greatest pains
 Deserve a meed.

Now to this work we bid a last adieu,
To the village and Amwell's long review
Of all its interests and resources
Its mental, moral and other forces,
With all of its material supplies
That meet the admiring traveler's eyes,
Never thinking when we commenced the tale,
To visit every valley, rock and shale,
 And be minute.

Some of these verses are result of toil,
Others sprang, spontaneous, from the soil;
Such may be of the smoother, flowing kind,
Others show strain of labor, weary mind,
Would they were epics more poetic far,
A current smooth no rocks the stream to mar,
In even course as down the years it flows,
Like deep majestic river to the ocean goes,
Its final end.

But it proved like some ancient parchment scrolls,
More came to view, as papyrus unrolls,
Imagination in the pleasant task
Helped us to lay aside each hidden mask,
And show human nature in brighter light,
Yet leaving some actors in sadder plight.
We have sought men's infirmities to conceal,
And all their better instincts to reveal,
For sake of love.

We gather traditional tales like Scott,
Of "My Landlord" or hostess, or what not;
Often told by preachers on the charge,
As truth or fancy dictates they enlarge
The stories of the old time wedding rings,
And many themes of love like poet sings,
Placed by his flights in pictures strangest phrase
So on its odd and mirthful side we gaze,
For drolary.

Scenes that provoke men to fun and laughter,
Stand out, like swallows neath barn or rafter,
More numerous than birdlings in the nest,
Are often hatched merely for the jest;
When the preacher becomes a good joker,
Prettier than players at games of poker,
Forgetting his becoming reverence,
O'er piety giving mirth the preference,
Not style of Paul.

Amity pastors found it their trial,
When mirth loomed up 'twas self denial
To curb their spirits, onward like the creek,
Waters clear or muddy bears off each stick
By its swift current to distant river,
So they look upon their fun and shiver
Like men with ague trembling for the cause,
Thinking of injury resolve to pause
And be sedate.

We will call up another sad extreme,
The sanctimonious man, in every theme,
Throws in a solemn look, almost a frown,
Like an iceberg just from the north come down,
Chilling the passengers on old Zion ship,
And all those waiting for celestial trip.
If choice of error were allowed to us,
Give the funny way; not the pious fuss,
Sanctimony.

Some are jocund for the fame it gives,
But poor the flock which on such pasture lives.
Many would from all trifling pastors run,
The lukewarm members will enjoy the fun,
And call him a good fellow. His levity
Excused. In sermons they ask brevity.
The evening spent in anecdotes of mirth
Conference comes; they see no other worth
But men of glee.

These clerical jestors miss their calling;
Their whole deportment needs overhauling.
Instead of jesting should give wise advice,
Not in measured solemn tones of voice,
But in every way to please, present the truth,
Winning attention both from age and youth:
Painting religion like the sunrise sky,
In pretty colors that entrance the eye,
And heart yields love.

We would not detract from London day,
Where fog makes all things look so gray.
The preacher, aided by a working band,
Marched with the hosts to victory grand.
One hundred professed conversion;
The young left each sinful diversion.
Born on the tidal wave ship passed the main,
Church haven found a glorious gain
In new converts.

That land of rest, the everlasting day,
We hope our Brother Day has found his way,
While we are pressing on toward the shore,
Where there are joys forevermore,
And that mercy will cover every foible;
Such hope is taught us by the bible,
That in skies where light holds constant sway
And there are no clouds to drive away,
But sunshine reigns,

His fault was like poet or painter,
For lack of color things were not fainter.
Imagination led him to bright flowers,
To wreath his fame and shew his powers.
Pretty rose on self we may bestow it
And oft keep it from another poet.
He has passed from scenes of labor,
Hope to brighter mount than Tabor,
So glorious.

Floods of past years have many a queer name,
Powder and Pumpkin freshets of great fame.
The Pumpkin one was a tremendous flood,
Swept Smokey Island from where it stood;
Left space below old Exposition grounds,
On Allegheny side, where river rounds
Into Ohio, just below the point.
That flood left all things out of joint,
And homes were gone.

But we are now on some wedding rounds,
The love came like flood with strangest sounds.
The funny wedding great attention wins,
The clear notes are dear as diamond pins,
They flash them on company as bright stones.
We tell our own and call for other loans
To embellish the Village Souvenir,
Ere from the patriotic task we steer
Of village tales.

There may be the dollar or rhubarb wedding,
When on our own ground alone were treading,
But to pastors of the village we lay claim.
We take their notes but they may have the fame.
If all were gathered much that's queer,
Hoping to entertain as well as cheer
The many friends of our favored spot,
By plucking flowers with the forget-me-not
Of olden days.

Speaking of floods, there's one invades our ranks
The Angel Death, mid Jordan's swelling banks,
And takes from scenes of labor to rewards;
Watchmen in Zion—faithful guards,
Whom we asked often, What of the day?
They've gone where darkness ne'er holds sway,
And sing no longer sorrow's old ditty,
Free from care they dwell in that bright city,
Of endless day.

We held memorial services for two:
From their devotions useful lessons drew..
The Angel waiting, pressed the button,
Calling from Conference beloved Sutton.
Never their pastor, oft preached for them.
He left us all to gain his diadem.
He loved the churches: 'tis their loss
When fall the standard bearers of the cross
Yet others come.

Master calls! Servant, lay down thy burden.
In peace the voice was heard by Brother Jordan,
Nor did he dread the namesake river;
Came not to its banks to halt and shiver.
His soul felt no chilling wind from the stream,
Anchor was cast within the vale; the gleam
Of light from the shore came bright and faster,
To cheer on Amity's former pastor
To Glory Land.

The workmen that remain upon the shore
Cannot work with vigor as of yore.
One of the old builders, J. M. 'Mason,
Is no longer like an overflowing basin
Whose waters scatter verdure all around,
Nor make music by gospel trumpet sound.
He has laid aside plumbet and level,
Can't work much by rule and bevel,
For age prevents.

The writer feels not the vigor of youth,
But still enjoys, proclaiming gospel truth,
Like the Apostle John will never quit,
While health and opportunity permit.
Old men can often do effective work,
In short and steady pull, nor jerk
Upon old Zion's ropes. Their steady aim
Will take the pointed arrow to the game
And fowler's net.

Few are the old pastors of Amity
Surviving. 'Twas their or our calamity
That two good men left our flock—
Our fortitude has since o'ercome the shock—
When with us they were workmen true and good
Like noble watchmen on the walls they stood.
We wish nothing but God-speed in chosen fields,
Hope for them large harvest yields
To cheer them on.

'Tis true this is a material age,
For wealth and power—the dominating rage,
But still there are those of spiritual ken.
Our narrative may edify such men.
With Amwell, we have dwelt upon her stores,
The mineral wealth sinking drill explores.
Farmer the surface riches of the soil,
The seen and hidden gain rewarding toil
In mother earth.

From every valley hill and slope
All things inspiring time and future hope,
Like poet Cowper in his lengthy task;
The good to shew, the evil to unmask.
And sermons find in pebbles and in brooks,
Yet claim no standard with such poetic books.
Our rivulet can scarcely slack the thirst
Of bounding deer that reaches it the first
At early morn.

In broken language lessons oft are taught
With great benefit to mankind are fraught.
Culture will set the inferior aside;
Nature's poets and orators abide
In the dark shade, oft to be regretted.
Religion and science are indebted
Unto many not then men of letters,
Genius or faith had broken fetters
And gave power.

The college failure; some ever toot its praise,
But men of sense know worth: he cannot daze
Them. Silly women may deck college shrine
And think their prodigy should surely shine.
Polish can't make a gem of any stone,
Nor tutor change what nature does disown
Into a genius or man of talent,
Nor turn a boor into a gallant,
To please the world.

Never pounce upon learning like a vulture.
'Tis no carcas. There is life in culture.
The precious seed when sown in good ground
Succeeds, but in barren soil no fruit is found.
It should not receive the labor and care
Sunshine and rain it may freely share.
All these upper things are of no avail
The barren soil will make it fail.
'Tis so with brains,

But as the world advances, growing older
Men dive into its mysteries still bolder.
The last fifty years have seen great advance.
The earnest man has taken every chance.
The steam and new electric professions
Have enlarged our earthly possessions
Of knowledge, motive power and wealth,
Lengthening life and bettering human health,
With many joys.

NOTES.

DEAR SIR :—In my efforts to comply with your request to write you something about the village of Amity, Pa., my mind has carried me back over a space of more than fifty years, and dropped me down at the old log meeting-house, a boy again of ten or twelve years of age.

Churches were not so numerous then as now, and were called meeting-houses. This old log house was built by the pioneer settlers, and it was used by the Presbyterian denomination. Rev. Thaddeus Dodd was the preacher. It was an immense structure, timber being the most plentiful thing in or on the land. It was built of logs hewed on both sides to an equal thickness. The building was about 35x40 feet, and was built like a pen. The men and boys, too, for that matter, were axmen. One of the best of these was placed on each corner of the building, and with his ax he made saddles on the top side of the last log, then cut a notch in the next log to fit the saddle his eye answering for a rule, level and plumb. This building was carried up until it was good two stories high, not that it might have a basement and an upper room, but the first floor was the church proper, while the space above was an immense gallery, seating many more than could get sight of the preacher. The doors and windows were made by sawing out certain logs where they wanted them.

This building was dedicated, but I never heard how it was done, only that they had their whiskey.

Their first preacher and the men of his congregation placed much more store by his dog and gun than men do now. They were his companions going to and from church. This was a necessary precaution against Indians and wild beasts, and during the services the dogs were chained and the guns stood up in the corner of the meeting-house.

At my earliest recollection, this building stood some 20 feet south of where it was formerly built, and was owned and occupied by the Methodist Protestant Church, then in its infancy. I recall as the original or charter members, the names and faces of Joel Woods, Wm. James, George Swart and N. D. Clutter. The house was the same in form as it was before its removal. It was transferred to the present site on rollers. The foundation which was not so very tightly built, made an excellent and safe retreat for rabbits. It was not an uncommon thing for us boys to chase four or five in there of a morning. Sometimes other animals got under the floor, and the question went from one to another, "Who killed the skunk?"

I remember one evening just as the congregation started in to sing the first hymn, a large "Thomas Cat" opened up. I did not know at the time what part, or by what name that kind of music went by; but I did know his squalls came up through that floor. I almost imagined the floor was coming up. I knew the hair on my head raised, and had he continued his part long I should have left before the benediction was pronounced. I have been a good deal amused at myself for becom

ing so frightened, as I have sat and listened to much the same kind of music, and they call it fine operatic singing.

The furniture was not grand, compared with the present; the pulpit was a four-legged stand, the seats were made of lumber they call slabs, placed with the flat side uppermost, the sound side under with four auger holes and pins driven in them for legs. These were portable, which made them very convenient to draw up to the stove, and change position when one side got too cold and the other too hot.

After several years this old building underwent some repairs. The chinking and daubing was replaced where they had been knocked off and out, and it was newly seated with seats that had backs to them. A new pulpit was erected where the preacher could stand some place between the heavens and the earth. It resembled a large fruit tree box stood up on end. The top was left open, or uncovered, and the floor placed where a medium sized man standing on it, his head and top of his shoulders would show above the box. A short man had to stand on a stool or block of wood. One of these Simion Lashley. It was said of him that while quoting the passage a little while and going down he had slipped off the block said, "Ye see me and again a little while and ye shall not see me."

The preacher reached his place by a stair-way running up at one side of the pulpit, when he opened a door and went in. On the opposite side was a door that opened into that part under the pulpit, or that part of it where the preacher stood. This was a dark, dismal, dirty place: and one Sabbath evening as four chums of boys were roving about they got into the church, when notice

ing some young ladies about to enter the house, and their consciences condemning them for being out of place they crawled into this closet to secret themselves; but the girls staid too long for the boys, and the people began to gather for church before they left. At this point Jim Sanders began to snifle, whereapon C. D. Sharp, Robert Wood and L. W. Hughes braced him up by scolding and shaking him up a little. All went well until the sermon was about half through, when N. D. Clutter, who was an extremely large man, noticing the door ajar which the boys had carefully kept that way for light and egress; but when Clutter closed the door, and turned the button, Sanders' nerve gave way and he whimpered loud enough to be heard by the preacher in the pulpit, and the man at the door opened the same and to his astonishment found the place infested with boys.

The boys soon fired Sanders out, but it required some coaxing to induce them to show up; finally they agreed if he (Clutter) would slide quarter up on the seat where he would shade them from the audience, the pulpit shielding them on the other side, they would come to the light. This was agreed to, but poor Clutter got but little benefit from that sermon.

I call to mind preachers of those days! Hopewood, Inskip, Burns, Burgess, etc., but these have long since passed away; and the old log meeting-house gave place to a new frame building, and in turn to a large frame, where a prosperous and zealous society of the Methodist Protesant Church worship the only living and true God.

Your most obedient servant,

ISAAC SHARP

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

JUST MARRIED.

We are married now, my dearie ;
Hope we'll still be cheery ;
Never a grievance unfold,
Nor once grumble or scold.

Like the nightingale sweetly sing,
No owl screech music bring ;
Be more cheerful than the cricket,
Or girl on the wicket.

When looking out for her lover,
Coming through the clover ;
As you're my wife and beauty,
Be faithful to duty.

Now, hubby, the lecture's not fair,
Wedded burdens we'll bear ;
I will be harmless like the dove,
If your true to you're love.

At my shortcomings never growl,
Nor stay out like the owl ;
Never bristle like porcupine
To wife—in company shine.

Then I will be like the fleet doe,
To follow where you go ;
Never like the rough mountain goat
Butt at each beam and mote.

And my lambs shall never be kids,
Girls jewels worthy best bids ;
Boys manly as father can be,
If none, lovers you see.

A PROFILE.

On a seat not very shady
At request of a young lady,
I maintained a pleasant smile
Until she drew me a profile.

A small memento of the park,
'Twas free from a coquettish lark,
Only to please artistic girl,
And prove that I was not a churl.

Saw she was one of the World's Fair,
Red cheeks and lips and auburn hair,
Prettier than impromptu picture,
Critic could not make a stricture.

Mother watched the lines she drew,
Making suggestions with each view,
Would kindly her objections state,
'Till form she did delineate.

TELL JESUS.

Tell Jesus thy sorrows,
Be thankful for joys;
Bring all thy heart borrows,
Grief, thy spirit annoys.

An unbearable load,
Lay it down quickly,
To the fount see the road,
There's health for the sickly.

The physician will heal,
E'en now is the hour,
When his word will reveal
The conquering power.

In Bethesda's new pool
The Master says wash,
Then sin's fever will cool,
Thy doubts it will quash.

All mourners may come
Whate'er be their grief,
Although great be the sum,
Jesus gives them relief.

Have your means taken wings
Or left without health?
Is it dirge your soul sings,
Lamenting lost wealth?

Come all that are weary,
Ye burden'd here call,
No longer be dreary,
The Saviour helps all.

Is thy loss a dear friend,
Parted from lover?
Then the Lord will extend
Sheltering cover.

Are there seven troubles,
No end to his love,
If number still doubles,
Peace branch brings the dove.

Though care rise like mountain,
'Twill break on the shore.
Waves higher than fountain
Are lost evermore.

Dear Shepherd, 'tis thy voice
Rings out on the air;
At its sound we rejoice,
And fly to thy care.

We have tested the world,
Are tir'd of its charms,
'Neath banner unfurled
We come to thine arms.

For the promise is sure,
Obeying the call,
Our hearts are made pure,
Redeemed from the fall.

To prove the old story,
Dangers we brave,
And give him the glory,
So mighty to save.

YOUTHFUL SPORTS.

At Lake View Park on Erie's sloping beach,
Were groups of children playing in the sand.
They made their work beyond the waters reach,
And dug the dirt and heaped it o'er the strand.

The joyful voices blended in the roar,
As wave on wave, with a peculiar noise,
Broke with its spray upon the shore,
And washed the feet of girls and boys.

See mimic tools of shovels, spoons and spades,
And buckets full of water from the surge,
To ply the builder's and the driller's trades;
Then fabric rose, and fell without a dirge.

Wells for oil or gas were always dusters;
Pleasure in play the only pay streak found;
They mimiced well the oil men's blusters,
But sought no treasure underneath the ground.

In all that band were no disputed rights,
The girl was fully equal to the boy;
They had few squalls, nor ever any fights,
Peace reigned like gentle lake breeze, full of joy.

When tired of play they donned their bathing suits
And scampered out to meet the billows.
A youthful, happy crowd; no one disputes,
For their suits; not harps were on those willows.

SOAKING IN SUNSHINE.

THE anecdote, from the *NEW YORK Tribune*, is as true to life as are Mrs. Dorothy Stanley's picture :

"Hi, Jimmy ; come down here ; let's set on the bridge and go round when she turns."

This from a ten-year-old street boy, standing on the approach to a bridge over the Erie canal.

The person addressed was a fellow street boy standing on a raised foot-bridge over the same muddy waterway. He was no older than his companion, and fully as ragged. He was lame and carried a crutch, but he had his compensation in a pleasant look of contentment that old Horace might have envied. He stood upon the foot-bridge and answered :

"Naw ; can't ; goi't stay here."

"Aw, come on down. What d'ye hang up there fur? Lots o' fun swinging 'round here. We kin git on a boat and go over the aqueduct, an' then ride back on another. Aw, come on down."

"Naw ; can't do it."

"Why not? What yer wants ter fool 'round up there fur? Ain't no fun up there."

"Wal," was the answer that Jimmy drawled out, with as solomn a face as a cadet on parade, "I can't come down, nohow. I've got to stay up here and soak in all the sunshine I kin, so as I kin laugh when it rains."

In a town of Empire state,
A small urchin found a mate;
Would not come at earnest call
After sunshine, view and all.

Close to Erie canal bridge,
A foot-span, whose highest ridge
Gave a little "Arab" perch
For a bright and sunlit search.

'Twas an independent venture,
Free from any gift indenture;
Society for fresh air
Did not pay for him one fare.

He gathered nature's treasures,
Forgetting boyish pleasures;
On sunshine was fully bent—
Air and light cost not a cent.

Hello, Jimmy! come down here
On the bridge; it moves so queer,
Shakes, like butter in the churns;
Let's go with it when it turns.

'Tis a ten-year-old street boy,
Makes the well-known halloo cry,
To a lad near his own age,
That in fun he would engage.

Lame, and leaning on a crutch;
Clothes with fringes, but not such,
As tassels from a Persian loom,
Only help for rag-shop boom.

Answers, "Naw, got t' stay here.
Come; what d'ye hang up there?"
Pleading, kindly, "Aw, come down,
Lots o' fun—better than town."

Says: "And we'll jump on a boat—
Then o'er aqueduct we'll float;
Get ride back on another;"
There's kindness of a brother.

"Come down; up ther's no fun."
Still he basks in the bright sun,
Resting 'neath its welcome beams,
Drinking down its silver streams.

With face like cadet on parade,
Or of a more solemn grade;
Then as with a little shout,
"I can't come down," drawled out.

For sun bath from feet to brow—
He says, "I can't come down nohow;
I've got to stay up here and soak
In the sunlight," like the oak;

Whose leaves receive, rays by scores,
So Jimmy bathed his pores,
Only sunshine for his pains,
"So he can laugh when it rains."

Jimmy's maxims are for life;
Foolish is the worlding's strife.
Where are all the noble braves?
Cowards hide themselves in caves.

They in sunlight take no pride;
Darkness for the suicide;
Ambition brought the last moan,
Because he could not reach the throne.

Like Jimmy's friend, men call down
All that soar, by cutting frown
Or word. The only passes
Are shut to Mount Parnassus.

Byron found the Scotch Reviews,
Passage to the mount refuse.
With giant strength he mov'd the stones;
Success for his care atones.

Sad was the fate of poet Keats;
Censure wove his winding sheets.
He lives, a name of beauty,
'Mid wreaths of love and duty.

Jimmy's truth is for the ages;
Brightens the historic pages.
The great and good are its sunshine,
Sparkling stones from richest mine.

Diogenes, seated in his tub,
Gave Alexander a strong rub;
When asked "What shall I do for you,"
Says, "Get out of my sunlight view."

BLARNEY CASTLE.

In infancy the tale we heard,
That each speech and flattering word
Had magic that was not our own,
But came from kissing Blarney Stone.

Eight days from city of New York,
A jaunting car we found in Cork;
Then wending way o'er a smooth pike,
We glided past each hedge and dike.

Jehew told of his daughter,
In our country o'er the water,
Hibernian love for Green Isle
Could not all his grief beguile.

Strange were the sights upon the road,
Queer was each equipage and load;
Nor did we meet a city flunky
But kindred, many a donkey.

Some times long ears in a cart,
Then without wheels he'd bear his part;
Two heavy packs and little ones,
Riding in triumph o'er the stones.

The man found solace in his pipe,
Then swigs of wiskey made him ripe
For witty speech, and scraps of song,
Or Erin tales, that memory throng.

His poverty might win your pity,
To join him in sorrow's ditty;
Childlike he soon forgets the ills,
Each day with mirthful joy he fills.

Wife is knitting husband's stocking,
Her tale of scandal is so shocking;
'Tis not like dull knitting needles,
But keener than parish beadles.

She's homeward bound to pigs and fleas,
Their want of food she will appease;
For pigs, potatoes yield their skin,
Her own for fleas is not too thin.

Her friendly cow, with pig and goat,
Their sounds with chanticlers may float,
Disturbing Yankee traveler,
Whose nerves make him a caviler.

Loudly at times his swineship squeals,
Then like enemy, shillalah feels;
When quiet is again restored,
And Morpheus once more adored.

Freedom reigns in Irish cottage,
With sea-weed and potato pottage;
'Tis meager fare beneath that thatch,
But outside hangs the string of latch.

Food brought them by the rolling surf,
And fire from the black bogs of turf;
Lazy as Indian or Turk,
Potatoes are his greatest work.

On our way to Castle Blarney,
Pools we found like lakes Killarney;
Beauty in cheeks, like June roses,
Sparkling eye where love reposes.

For woman's beauty and man's wit,
Graceful, like swan, which on water sit,
Shed, like the bird, their precious down,
When radiant face removes each frown.

The mirthful soul is always full,
By seizing every Irish bull;
The dismal clouds it surely breaks
For grandeur like Killarney lakes.

At last we reach the porter's lodge,
Pretty keeper could not dodge;
Long had formed her cherished plans,
Waiting for us Americans.

The entrance tips we can't evade,
For blarney a reward is paid;
Smooth-talking keeper is so kind,
With Celtic wreaths our hearts to bind.

For each there was an emerald,
As oily words our gloom dispelled;
For gentlemen a double share,
Because she thought the purse he bare.

In warning she was not alone—
Don't let him kiss the blarney stone;
So fine a gentleman would be a loss,
If he no more the ocean cross.

We passed over the dry moat,
Where geese and swan were want to float;
'Tis long since it was a defense,
And foes crossed it at great expense.

All that we see is now a wreck,
Like ship with broken sides and deck,
Torn by powerful cannon balls,
Remains for view dismantled walls.

Upon it Cromwell left his mark,
When out upon his Irish lark,
Pulling down to upturn the pope
Was his great aim and sanguine hope.

Once those were halls of lovely pomp,
Where beau and belle enjoyed a romp.
Intrigues were made in that dark fort
Of war and love—a dark court.

Cavalier would unsheath his sword
At any glance or saucy word,
When just returned from the crusade,
From holy sepulcher with blade.

For insult he sought no repeal,
But probed it with Damascus steel;
Was in that day a case of honor,
To fight for belle, and dote upon her.

But what about the Blarney stone?
Four feet from top stands out alone;
Just measures the same distance down—
'Tis reached by antics of a clown.

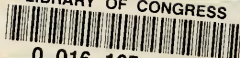
Head goes down—They hold his heels
Until his lips the cold stone feels;
For men in all their kissing tracks
Must pay for their delicious smaks.

And if he should slip from their hands,
The hour-glass loses all its sands.
To such whims no one should cater,
And to Blarney be another martyr.

On upper stone find substitute.
It's Blarney strength who can refute;
May to wife be like typewriter,
For the wrong she'll some day fight her.

Adieu, Castle, ivy, shamrock;
Around thee birds of song may flock.
On ruins we no more shall gaze;
Thrush and nighingale will sing praise.

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